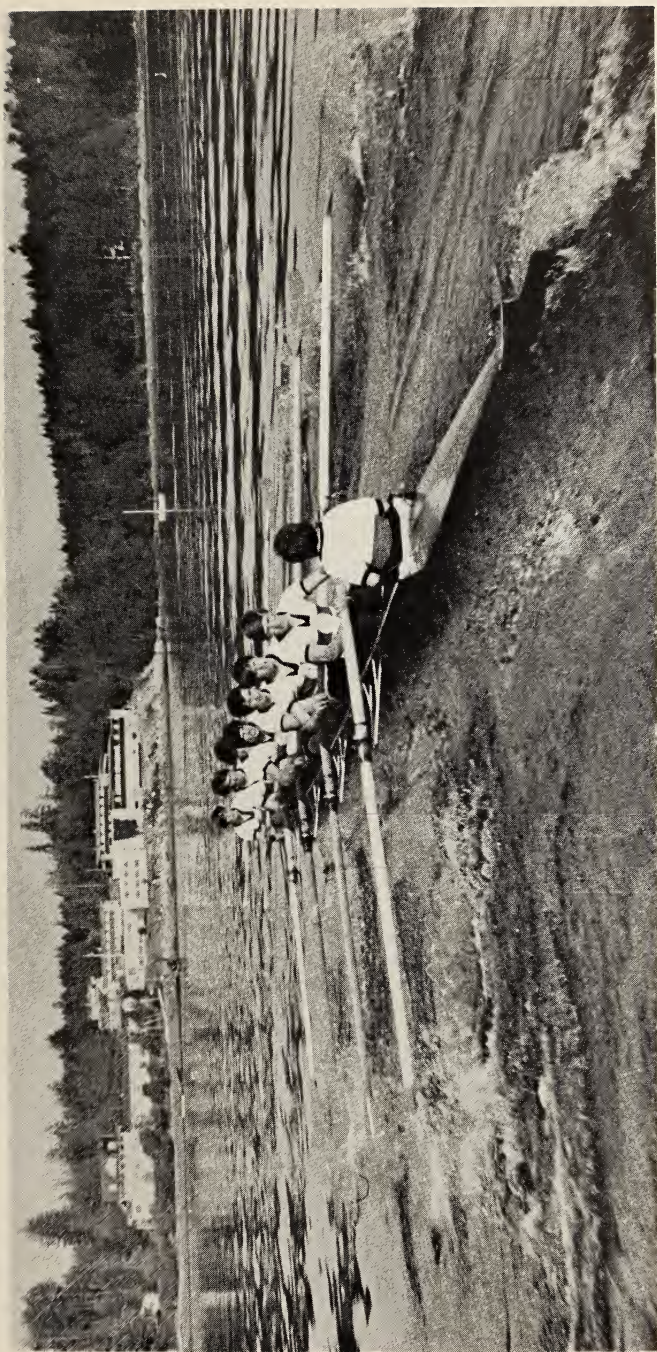



Brentonian

1971



The Brentwood 1st VIII - 1971



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BRENTONIAN

1970-71

SPEECH DAY 1971

This year Speech Day was a very special occasion - we celebrated our tenth anniversary. In the circumstances it was deemed appropriate to keep the occasion purely domestic and no guest speaker was invited. Instead the Headmaster's report was delivered by the Assistant Headmaster, while the Headmaster himself took the place usually allocated to the guest speaker and reminisced about the last ten years.

The day's activities started at 12:15 p.m. with a highly successful concert performance by the Band and Choir. The auditorium was filled to overflowing with parents and friends who gave both groups a very enthusiastic ovation. There followed a break for lunch and at 2:30 p.m. the presentation of awards ceremony began.

The Headmaster's report is given below but no amount of cajoling will persuade Mr. MacKenzie to allow his comments to be committed to print. He claims that they might contain evidence which may be later used against him and, if his hilarious accounts of the activities of former Brentwood boys is close to being accurate, then indeed he may have a point. One can certainly see that he would not wish the imagination, initiative and daring of former students to give ideas to those who are yet to come. This year, therefore, he pleads to be excused from being quoted and suggests that, if anything is to be reported, perhaps it should be the core of his final message to the boys in which he said that the school had achieved a most enviable reputation which should be guarded closely and nurtured carefully by them and future generations of Brentwood boys. Once again he reminded them that the Brentwood way was by no means the most comfortable but, if results were to be the criteria, then surely it was a highly effective one.

This was said to be the most enjoyable Speech Day ever and certainly the reactions of the many hundreds of parents and friends present would seem to confirm this thought. Even the weatherman, who has been so unkind to us these last months, co-operated magnificently and we had a day of sunshine.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT

(Delivered by the Assistant Headmaster)

"Over the past ten years I have received some very strange orders from the Headmaster's desk. I thought the height of our bizarre relationship had been reached a couple of years ago when one afternoon I found the following instructions on my desk:

"Please collect 12 large boys, proceed to Duncan, and help return Susie to her pit."

Of course I did exactly as instructed. It turned out that Susie was a huge bull elephant. Even this event pales however into relative normalcy alongside my situation at this moment. Two weeks ago another mysterious missive read:

"On June 19th you Mr. Bunch will be Headmaster for the day." - and, in this capacity, I now wish to extend to you all a very warm welcome on this our 10th Annual Presentation of Awards ceremony, and to report to you some details of our welfare during the past year.

Our academic life continues to be most satisfactory. Of those 7 candidates who wrote examinations for British Columbia Governmental Scholarship awards in June 1970, 2 achieved financial aid at the first class level and 4 at the second class. Amongst our present graduating class, those seated here with us this afternoon, there are several students who have already gained admission to North American universities of some prestige. Our Head Prefect, Wade Davis, made application to Princeton, Harvard, Brown and Williams - was accepted at all four, and will commence his undergraduate studies in September 1971 at Harvard university where he was named a Freshman Scholar, one of 90 so named from the Freshman class of 1,200. Graham Vink, a Senior Prefect, will commence his pre-medical studies at Stanford university, and Benjamin Koo and Larry Sughrue have also received acceptance from the American universities of their choice. Four graduates are proceeding to studies at Albertan universities, and of the 21 students who have reached a sufficiently high academic standing to make Early Admission application to our own provincial universities, several are already receiving favourable replies.

As the university needs of our graduates become more sophisticated there is a greater call for many more students to write the American College Board examinations. These nation wide tests demand that a student performs with a score of 700 or better out of a total of 800 before he can hope for serious consideration from any noteworthy university. Amongst many other worthy candidates, James Roberts, John Wilson, Peter Farran, Graham Vink and Adrian Carter all received scores in excess of 700, the latter Adrian Carter, registering a full score of 800 in Spanish and 770 in French.

In the Annual University of Victoria Hu-

manities and Science Symposium competition, entries were again submitted by several students, and a poetry collection of James Roberts was named as a Presentational Winner. This collection forms a small part of the Humanities display housed in the room at the south end of the Cafeteria. We do hope that during tea you will take a few moments to enjoy these exhibits.

The Mathematics Department under the guidance of Mr. Burrows sponsored a nine-man team for the Ontario Junior Math Contest. Of the nine, seven were named to the Vancouver Island Honour Roll and one Grade XI student, Paul Davis, placed fourth amongst all students competing from 35 Vancouver Island schools.

Our debating team has grown considerably in prowess, not to mention in cynicism, since it was first mentioned to you last year. In March, spearheaded by Wade Davis and Graham Vink, we gained the Hammerskjold Trophy for the British Columbia High schools championship. In the following month the same students headed the Provincial Delegation to the National Finals in Toronto. In this competition Graham Vink was named a national finalist - a most impressive performance when one considers only six were so honoured from the 80 or so students competing.

Our summer term exchange programme instituted last year has continued very satisfactorily in this current term. Two of our Grade X students have spent the term at Lakefield School, Peterborough and two others at Trinity College School in Port Hope. In exchange we have enjoyed as our guests in Grade XII, Alan Austin and Hugh Ambrose from Trinity College School and, in Grade X, Stephen Jones from Lakefield School. It has been a delight to have these gentlemen with us and I would like to take this opportunity to wish them well in the future and to assure them they will always be welcome guests in our school - with or without their harmonicas.

Visitors to the school throughout the year have often been surprised, but always thrilled, to find many of our students so actively engaged in the ever-growing Fine Arts Department. This programme, featured on three afternoons per week, has students singing, acting, potting, painting, blowing, thumping, scraping - even tie-dieing. I would ask parents who discover that their son's entire underwear is now tie-die pink, not to be too alarmed - it's all in the cause of ART.

In all seriousness however, whilst recognising the new value and acceptance of these courses in terms of graduation programmes, we at Brentwood do very sincerely believe that the Fine Arts are first and foremost a very vital part of any young person's development.

A cultural statement is made thereby, no less important than the student's academic statement in the classroom, or his physical one on the playing fields. In subsequent years we shall attempt to extend these enrichments, whilst for the present we are grateful for the many pleasures provided during the past year by Mr. Johnson and his Choir, by Mr. Boel and his Band, by the Drama group and by Mrs. Smith's artists. The former art work in the Cafeteria and we cordially invite all our guests to enjoy these exhibits during tea.

The already established programmes in Flying and Driving grow apace. Mr. Nash the staff supervisor of "those dreadful young men in their flying machines" reports that 12 students have attained their Private License during the past year, bringing the grand total to 60 qualified fliers since we began the programme six years ago, and a staggering total of 2,500 flying hours recorded in the College Log Book. On the ground, 42 students have been taught to handle a car. Needless to say these boys took neither their training nor their example from staff drivers.

Although it would be difficult to claim that the results of our sporting activities this year have been world-shattering, there have been many fine performances by individuals and groups. First worth of mention is the fact that in Swimming, Badminton and Tennis our teams claimed the Independent Schools championships. In Rugby our five years supremacy has unfortunately been broken, but a close scrutiny of the season's results reveals that Shawnigan Lake School was the only school team to beat us. Even as I report this, I can feel Mr. Carr breathing heavily down my neck and begging me to counter with the fact that in Rowing that same school's Nemesis was at last broken in the Vancouver Regatta on May 2nd. On this occasion the arrival of our first VIII at the finish line ahead of Shawnigan Lake School was a milestone in our rowing career.

Mr. Yorath reports that for Track and Field this has been a most valuable building year, but personal acclaim must be given to our Grade XII student, Brian Hawksworth, who during his years with us has claimed no less than 12 Independent School titles. Likewise in badminton, under Mr. Orr's guidance we wish to offer our congratulations to David Wilkinson who reached the semi-finals of the British Columbia Provincial Championships. The swimming programme got off to rather a slow start due to the arrival of the long-awaited pool cover. Once erected I overheard many snide remarks comparing it with the barrage-balloon which I guarded so zealously during World War II. Of course I insisted that it be removed immediately and from that moment on Mr. and

Mrs. Pitt have conducted a very full programme of both social swimming and Red Cross training courses. Many boys at all grade levels have qualified for Red Cross recognition.

There will be but few changes in our staff when we reconvene in September. To Messrs. Nash, Pope, Evans and Keble who are leaving us we offer our thanks, our most sincere thanks, for all the support they have given and our very warm wishes for their future success. To those who will "once again assemble here" may I offer to each - to Governor, academic staff, to administration staff, to domestic staff and maintenance staff, a very sincere appreciation for your invaluable contribution over the past year.

It is customary at this moment for the Headmaster to conclude with a few final words to the graduating class. Therefore with the promise of brevity, may I request this privilege and ask that I be allowed to change both the direction and the emphasis of my remarks from here on.

Gentlemen:

In recent years it has become customary, even fashionable, for people of my generation to adopt one of two attitudes to you, each, it seems to me pathetically objectionable, and both in no small part responsible for the coinage of such spurious terms as "adolescents" and "generation gap." Either, on the one hand, adults have sympathised and commiserated with you, have offered you sentimental solace, seeming to recognise, even bolster the supposed uniqueness of your situation in the world today. Or, on the other hand, and this seems to me a trifle more disgusting, we have blemished our own dignity by seeking your camaraderie in the guise of fraternisation or togetherness. I cannot find it in my heart to adopt either of those platforms in these my farewell words to you. You are not the first to face adulthood with problems, nor will you be the last. These problems are your due, your right, your obligation: they are different only in type not in degree from those experienced at a similar time by all other human beings, and in your answer to them you will define or fail to define your own dignity. Therefore I wish to throw a challenge to you, to hurl a gauntlet before you, to dare you to live fully, to commit yourselves to a life of deed without word, a life of ambition and achievement without arrogance.

I know my English Literature students will bear with me if I confess that I can find no better words to utter this challenge, than those which the Victorian poet Alfred Tennyson, put into the mouth of Ulysses. Standing before an apathetic and confused crew, he said:-
Come, my friends,
'tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and
though
We are not now that strength which in old

days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are,
we are -
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Mr. Bunch then introduced the Headmaster.

ACADEMIC AWARDS

Tenth Annual Presentation of Awards
and Prizes
June 19th, 1971

Grade VIII

Form Prize Peter Booth

Grade IX

English Richard Loranger
History Michael Lax
Geography Charles McDiarmid
Mathematics David Aisenstat
General Science Kevin Hodgson
French Richard Loranger
Spanish David Aisenstat
Computer Programming Dean Foote

Grade X

English David Trottier
History Geoffrey Butler
Geography Ian Eakins
Mathematics Thomas Burley
General Science Denis Winchel
French Graham Young
Spanish Thomas Burley

Grade XI

English Andrew Raphael
Social Studies George Leroux
Mathematics Paul Davis
General Science Paul Davis
French Paul Davis
Spanish Stephen Cooke
German Alexander Speers

Grade XII

English James Roberts
History Wade Davis
Geography James Rea
Mathematics David Wilkinson
French George Benmore
Spanish Adrian Carter
German David Wilkinson
Senior Chemistry John Wilson
Senior Physics William Hayes
Senior Biology Benjamin Koo

SPECIAL AWARDS

Music

Band Awards

Most Improved Bandsman

Michael Thompson

Douglas Levell

Band Service Award Gary Dietrich

Choir Benny Sung

Art

Senior Art James Roberts

Junior Art Michael Bethune

Drama

The Earnshaw Trophy for best

contribution to Drama Club Russell Barton

Kenning Science Award Gordon Platt

The Florence Scott Award for

Creative English James Roberts

The Junior Citizenship Award

Nominated: Wills, McDiarmid, Beale

Winner: Christopher Beale

The Senior Citizenship Award

Nominated: Sung, Hood, Hawksworth,

Robson

Winner: Benny Sung

The Davis Award

Nominated: Roby, Crawford, Jordan

Winner: Leslie Crawford

Headmaster's Special Award .. David Wilkinson

Hogan Memorial Shield Timothy Willings

Butchart Trophy Wade Davis

Yarrow Shield

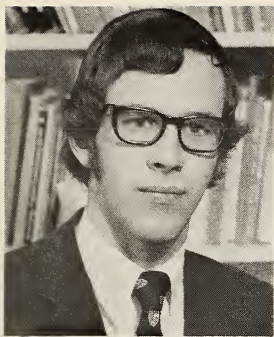
Nominated: Hawkesworth, Hood, Vink,

Wilkinson

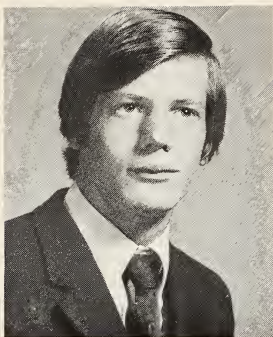
Joint Winners:

Brian Hawkesworth,

Greg Hood



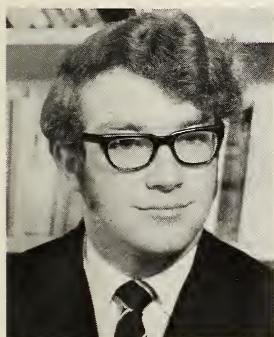
HUGH AMBROSE
Exchange student from
Trinity College School



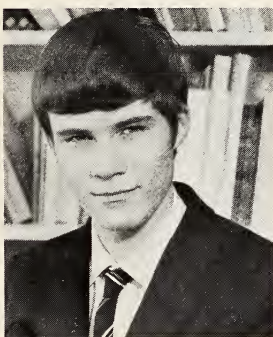
JOHN ARNIM
Calgary, (1967)
Track Team, Band



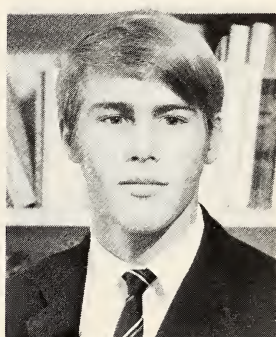
ALLAN AUSTIN
Exchange student from
Trinity College School



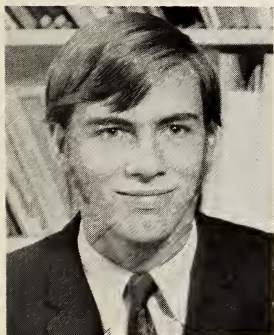
JOHN BEADDIE
Vancouver, (1967)
House Prefect



GEORGE BENMORE
Kelowna, (1968)
Academic Colours,
Debating Team



STEVE BRAMALL
Vancouver, (1966)
House Prefect, Rugby XV
- colours, Track Team,
Tennis Team



TERRY BRAMALL
Vancouver, (1966)
School Prefect, Choir



GARY BREMNER
Houston, B.C. (1970)
Hockey XI, Choir



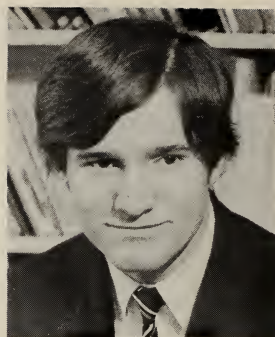
ADRIAN CARTER
Vancouver, (1968)



PETER CHETTLEBURGH
Hawaii, (1967)
School Prefect, Band



TIM COLLINGE
Edmonton, (1968)
School Prefect



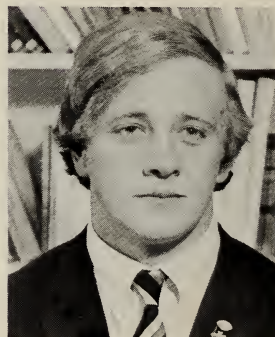
ROBERT DAVIS
Medicine Hat, (1967)
Band



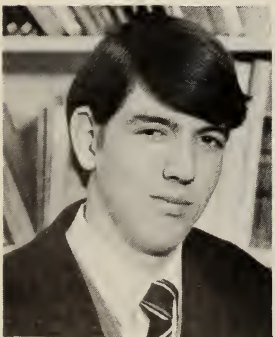
WADE DAVIS
Victoria, (1969)
Head Prefect,
Academic Colours
Debating Team, Drama,
Flying Club



GARY DIETRICH
Vancouver, (1967)
Band, Hockey XI



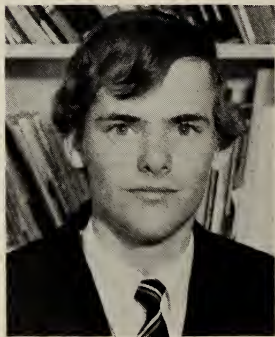
TED DUNFEE
Vancouver, (1968)
School Prefect,
Captain Rugby XV - Colours,
Track Team,
Swimming Team, Hockey XI,
Drama



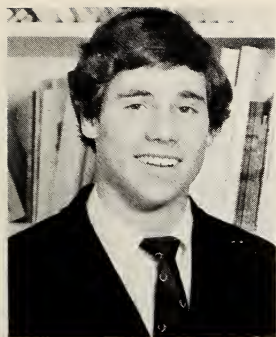
BOB ESPINOSA
San Diego, (1970)



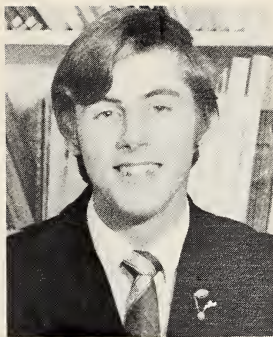
PETER FARRAN
Calgary, (1966)
House Prefect,
Debating Team, Flying Club



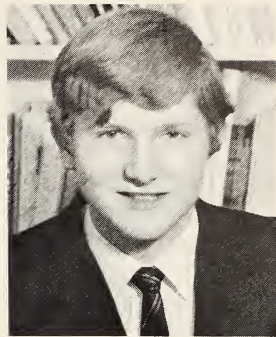
NAIRNE GRAY
Montreal, (1970)



IAN HARVIE
Calgary, (1967)
House Prefect,
Flying Club



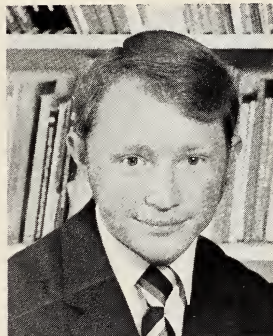
BRIAN HAWKSWORTH
Saltspring (1966)
School Prefect, Rugby XV
- Colours, Track Team
- Colours, Co-winner Yarrow
Shield, Choir



BILL HAYES
Edmonton, (1967)
Academic Colours



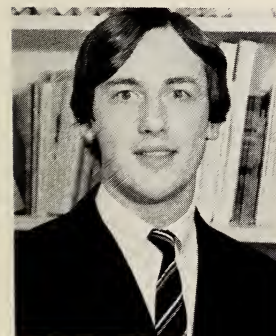
PETER HEMSALL
Kitimat, (1969)
House Prefect, Band,
Hockey XI



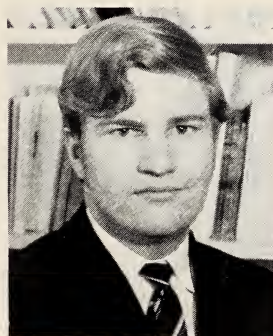
BRIAN HICK
Prince Rupert, (1970)
Rowing VIII, Choir



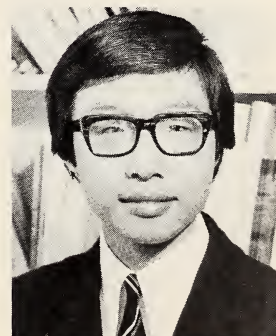
GREG HOOD
Rossland, (1968)
School Prefect,
Academic Colours, Rugby XV
- Colours, Rowing VIII -
Colours, Co-winner Yarrow
Shield



JOHN IRVING
Vancouver, (1970)



KEITH JOYCE
Mill Bay, (1966)



BENJAMIN KOO
Hong Kong, (1969)
Academic Colours



PAUL LACTERMAN
Victoria, (1968)
School Prefect, Rowing VIII
- Colours



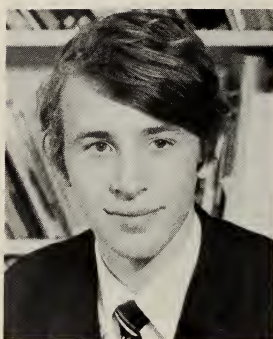
DOUGLAS LODER
Edmonton, (1968)
House Prefect, Choir



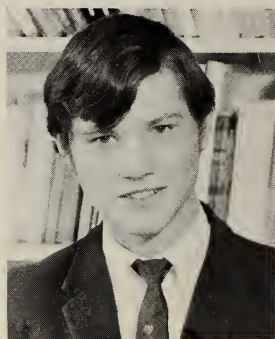
BOYD McCONNELL
Vancouver, (1969)
Rugby XV - Colours,
Flying Club



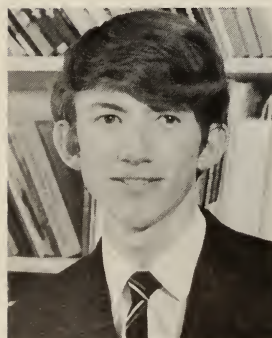
ROB MCGREGOR
St. Catherines, (1969)
Hockey XI



ROSS MORRISON
Montreal, (1970)
House Prefect, Rugby XV,
Hockey XI



ERIC PAUL
Victoria, (1968)
House Prefect, Rugby XV
- Colours, Rowing VIII



JAMES REA
Vancouver, (1967)
Flying Club



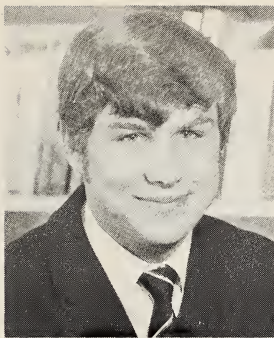
JAMES ROBERTS
Sidney, (1968)



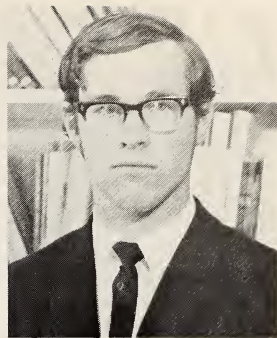
MARK ROSEBOROUGH
Victoria, (1968)
House Prefect



REDGEWELL SAFFEL
Calgary, (1967)
Flying Club



JOHN SCHINBEIN
Prince Rupert, (1968)
House Prefect, Debating Team



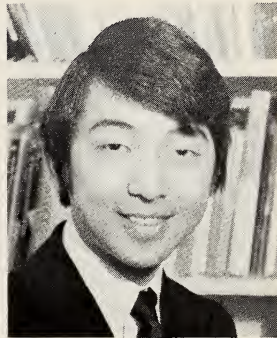
DAVID SCOTT
Robson, (1968)
House Prefect, Sailing Team,
- Colours



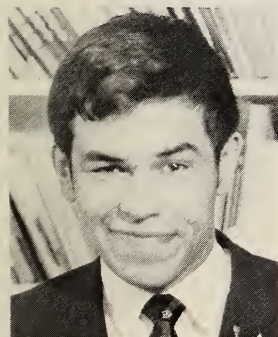
GREG SMITH
Edmonton, (1969)



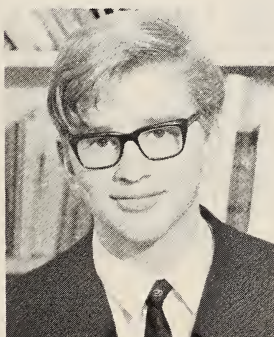
LARRY SUGHROUE
Seattle, (1966)
Choir



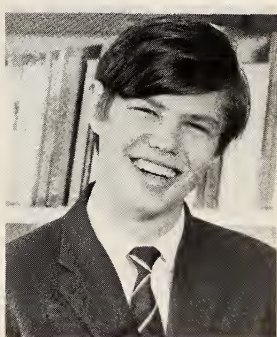
BENNY SUNG
Hong Kong, (1968)
School Prefect, Choir



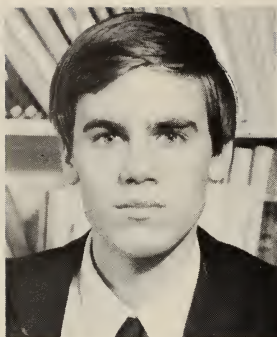
BRIAN THORNE
Duncan, (1968)
House Prefect, Rugby XV
- Colours, Soccer XI, Choir



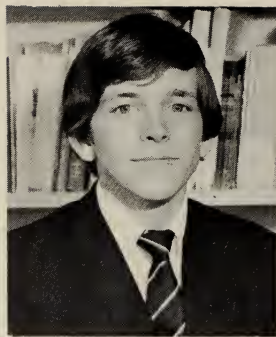
GRAHAM VINK
Longview, Wash., (1968)
School Prefect,
Academic Colours,
Debating Team, Choir,
Badminton Team - Colours



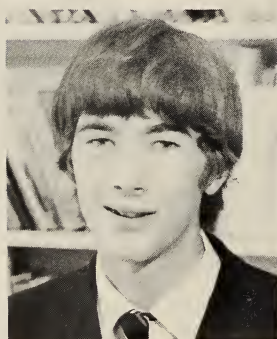
JAMES WATT
North Surrey, (1966)
House Prefect,
Debating Team, Drama



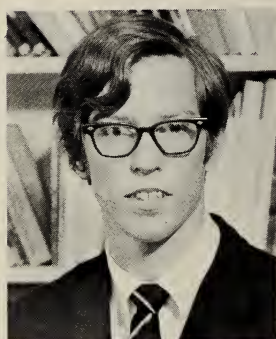
DAVID WILKINSON
Cobble Hill, (1966)
Academic Colours,
Badminton Team - Colours,
Tennis Team, Choir



JOHN WILSON
Lethbridge, (1968)
House Prefect, Hockey XI

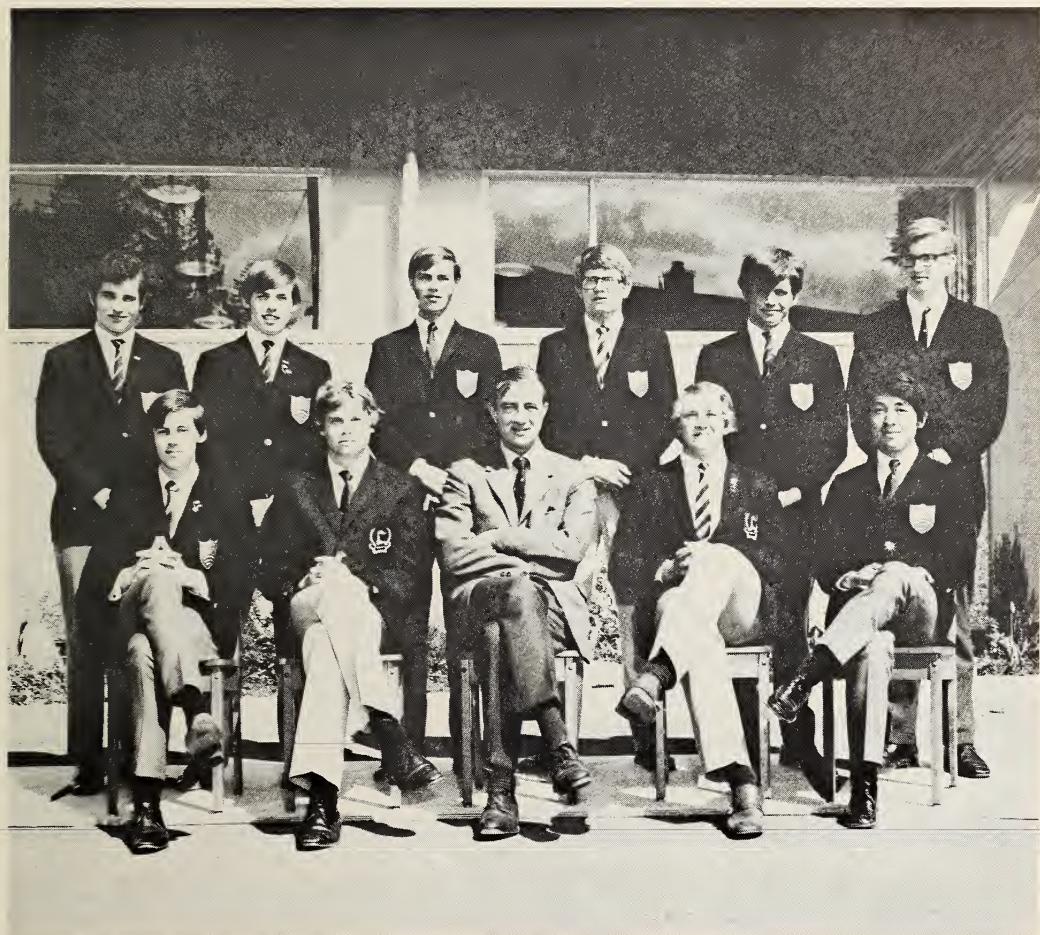


RICHARD WILSON
Smithers, (1970)
Hockey XI, Choir



ROLAND WOOD
Vancouver, (1966)
House Prefect
Drama

SCHOOL PREFECTS 1970-71



Standing, left to right: Paul Lacterman, Greg Hood, Terry Bramall, Tim Collinge, Peter Chettleburgh, Graham Vink.
Seated: Brian Hawksworth, Wade Davis, The Headmaster, Ted Dunfee, Benny Sung.

SENIOR HOUSE



Once again the year ends, and it falls to me to summarise the events, the humour and some of the conflicts that characterised our lives in Senior House. Our population expanded this year to a total of thirty-eight, the extra beds being housed in the old Ellis House building, quickly christened the "Hilton" by the Mandarins amongst us. Despite the standardising efforts of our summer maintenance and painting programme, the students quickly stamped each room with a unique, if at some times bizarre, character. Andy Raphael and Russell Barton spent an interminable time painting their room, their furniture and eventually themselves in an indescribable colour of their own but no one else's preference. John Bradford and Gordon Archer looked at their freshly painted yet somewhat sterile room with horror and soon got to work making it "liveable." In the "Hilton" lines of communication were being opened up between the walls, and

report has it that, on a somewhat higher plane, Russell Barton intensified his communication with the college monkey, Tom, through the mechanics of an electronics laboratory in the upper storey.

There were a number of memorable characters in Senior House and many notable events centred around their presence. For example, one November evening very weird sounds could be heard across the campus: Hope House slept fitfully, but David Manhas checked into Sick Bay with supposed "fang marks" and Jack Mussallem retired to his bed with crossed stakes for the remainder of the term. Fortunately exorcism was performed by some benevolent deity and the house returned to its usual state of tranquility.

The house promoted an outing to Victoria and several small parties were enjoyed by groups of students throughout the year. Many people came to grips with the real meaning of

life in a boarding school: the resolution of conflicts with other students, the ability to give and take with good grace, the wisdom to regard staff members as neither the repositories of all wisdom nor yet the arch-enemies of all students. Throughout this process many of the minor regulations in the house suffered some bruises, but I am happy to say that both the students and the regulations seem to have survived the collisions. The spirit was generally good and most people were happy in the relaxed atmosphere at the south end of the school.

The house was very well served by its Prefect body, Peter Chettleburgh, Mark Rosebor-

ough, and Eric Paul, all of whom were instrumental in generating this controlled atmosphere of ease. Their task was an extremely difficult one, and, on reflection, I think they handled it commendably well. I would like to pay special tribute to the House Captain, Paul Lacterman, who demonstrated a remarkable talent for handling difficult situations and dealing with many of the routine matters which appear all too frequently in an environment such as ours. He must certainly be counted amongst the best Prefects ever to reside in Senior House.

Paul Joins me in wishing every member of Senior House an enjoyable vacation as a preface to a healthful and productive future.

A.C.C.

ELLIS HOUSE



Head of House: Brian Hawksworth
Assistant Head: Greg Hood
House Prefects: Ross Morrison, Brian Thorne,
 Jamie Watt, Roly Wood
House Council: Brian Hawksworth - Grade 12
 Jim Russell - Grade 11
 Geof Butler - Grade 11
 Chuck Wills - Grade 9

This has been another excellent year in Ellis House. With a good nucleus of old boys to show the way, the new ones soon came to terms with Mr. Prowse's way of doing things. Under the firm but friendly guidance of Brian Hawksworth and his prefects the House was quickly both cheerful and tidy and running with smooth efficiency.

However, God forbid that a House should ever be judged solely on efficiency. It is a building made up of people and their attitude, towards each other as well as towards their environment, soon tells us whether they are living

happily together or in a number of isolated, antagonistic "cells". From the very beginning of the year a number of factors were apparent which showed that Ellis House was indeed a successful experiment in community living.

Rooms were tastefully and lovingly decorated, all facilities were treated with care and respect, consideration was constantly shown for others by keeping the volume of radios and record players down, prefects, (the house administrators), prefaced all requests with 'please'. people rarely shouted at each other, the House Council were full of constructive and useful suggestions and were listened to by both the Housemaster and the students, punishments were done, for the most part, cheerfully, with a smile on the face of the culprit, everyone was addressed by their christian name and the Housemaster always found a cheerful and relaxed welcome in every room that he visited. Everyone knew and understood everyone else

and consideration was the key, unspoken word. I loved being a part of it, and really enjoyed the time I spent in the boys section of the House. Credit for a marvelous feeling of togetherness that existed this year must go not only to the prefects for doing such a responsible, low key job, but also to all the members of the House for putting others before self and working to make community living a happy reality within these four walls.

All this is the more remarkable when we stop to consider that the House was made up of sixty totally different human beings having but one thing in common - they were all male! But strange though it may seem, whether we were thirty-four years old, (guess who?), or fourteen, (take your choice) from Umatilla, Oregon, (Rob E.) or Lethbridge, Alberta, (Bill B.), city dwellers, (Montreal), or remote Islanders, (Alert Bay, B.C.), white, (ethnic origins various), or Indian, (Coastal Salish - Cowichan Band), rich, (those who played the pinball machine), or poor, (those who washed the Housemaster's car for \$1), capitalist, (ask the Housemaster), or socialist, (ask the House), big, (Greg H.), or small, (Val McC.), track star, (Brian H.), or stroke of the 1st VIII, (Jeff A.), painter, (Jamie W.), or singer, (David S.), sick, (Housemaster), or healthy, (the Housemaster's temporary acting, unpaid, overworked substitute), noisy, (Randy B.), or quiet, (Alex S.), flyer, (Wayne S.), or scuba diver, (Stewart C.), tidy, (Robbie F.), or untidy, (Steve C.), talkative, (Geof B.), or silent, (Bob McF.), smoker, (?), or non smoker, (??), in trouble, (Rod W.), or out of it, (Kevin H.), played rugby, (Doug L.), or badminton, (Bruce C.), enjoy the rain, (Tom B.), or the sun, (everyone else), run a lot, (David H.), or remain sedentary, (Todd H.), work all night, (Gary W.), or enjoy sleeping, (Randy F.), on a brief visit, (John S.),

or due for a long service medal, (Roly W.), etc. . . . etc., . . . , we all got on well together, and it was a great feeling.

The highlights of the year included winning interhouse rugby, track and field and soccer and I am sure many more not yet decided, having a house council that worked, a much used ping pong table, an evening pizza parlour, Brian and Gregg's record of thirty-four free games on the pinball machine, fuses blowing periodically because of the large collection of capitalistic, energy hungry noisemakers, the plague of flies, Rod Washburn falling asleep in the bathtub at 11 p.m. and then keeping the House awake with his terrible snoring, the 'endless clutter' in Dorm 16, the Housemaster's extended four month vacation, ("How can I get 'IT', sir?"), 58 successive 'needles' in the Common Room, Dorm 10 "scrubbing" the evening away, Dorm 13 becoming proud "fathers", Randy Fennings coming 'standby' from Prince George whilst his housemaster waited up all night for him, Pat Durban proving that he was stronger than his Housemaster, Mike Padwick agreeing to run in the 400m at a track meet, Dave Levell returning from Nanaimo with a most unmentionable wall poster, the bevy of beautiful girls that sprung up all over the House then were as suddenly gone . . . oh well, such is life - in Ellis House at any rate!

Finally my apologies to the House for my long absence and my thanks to them for their consideration and helpfulness in those difficult months, and also to my assistant Mr. Keble and my substitute Mr. Queen for doing such a marvellous job in my absence. Maybe I was not missed after all! Above all my thanks to all my prefects for doing such a fine job and especially to Brian - a truly outstanding Head of House.

N.R.B.P.

PRIVETT HOUSE



From the purely selfish point of view of a Housemaster, I am happy to report that this has not been a particularly eventful year. In keeping with the general tenor of down-town Mill Bay, there have been a great many things not happening.

However, in its own quiet way, Privett House has become the acme and envy of the rest of the school, having nurtured both Head Boy and Deputy Head, Wade Davis and Ted Dunfee, and provided three out of the four Brentwood Ambassadors to the East - Keiron Gray, Corey Heerensperger and John Willings. In fact only modesty prevents us from proudly proclaiming our victories at sea, in the inter-house sailing, and our innumerable other triumphs on land, past and soon to come. Only modesty, as I said before.

Of course it would be hypocritical for us to say that we have no criminal element in our midst to upset the even tenor of our ways. On

February 5th 1971, at 2:10 p.m., Tony Campbell was observed using the centre stairs; Robert McCarvill has actually broken down and confessed to an insane urge to wear shoes in the house, a temptation to which he has, alas, been known to give away. Yes, it has been an uphill fight against crime this year, but against the organised mob, there is only so much a house can do.

The wave of popularity of the Beatles has lowered the number of decibels in the house this year to the point where the house library has become its social and intellectual centre. The resulting increase in the already high aesthetic calibre of our senior members led, unfortunately, to some raiding of the worst sort by Senior House. To those of our members still in exile we send our greetings and assurances that they are not forgotten.

There have been achievements this year by house members on an individual basis, for

which we can take no credit, but which we wish to mention nevertheless. The outstanding item has to be the money raising efforts of Jim Robson and George Leroux on behalf of the young Korean orphan Chong Sik Yu. Their sale of candy apples has raised enough money to look after this boy for a whole year. This is a most worthwhile endeavour and to Jim and George we would like to say "well done!"

Other individual efforts we would like to mention include Jim Robson for cross country running, Paul McKay for shotputting, John Bradford for the long jump, Kevin Lees for gymnastics, David Scott for sailing, Stephen

Trottier for tennis and badminton, Robert Reid for tennis and soccer, Mickey Moran, Ted Dunfee and George Leroux for swimming, Doug Bulteel for breaking all sorts of records around the school and Stephen Jones, our visitor from Lakefield who has been a good swimmer and an excellent contributor to house morale.

Finally, and sadly we must bid farewell to four graduating residents Wade Davis, Ted Dunfee, David Scott and John Beaddie. We wish them the very best of luck and thank them for all they have done for the house.

R.V.L.

WHITTALL HOUSE



After four years as Housemaster in Whittall House, it is with mixed feelings of regret and relief that I write my final report before stepping down once again to dwell among mere mortals. There will no doubt be many occasions when I look back nostalgically to the sound of taps being played in the evening (a tradition which I hope will be carried on). It will feel strange to sit down to breakfast or dinner and actually complete the meal without having to get up three or four times to answer the door. I am convinced that the boys have an early warning system, which lets them know when the Housemaster lifts his knife and fork. I will miss the "characters" who make house life so much fuller and interesting - Satchmo Mike who brought blessed peace with the sound of his trumpet; Yrrah and Bor who ran the Doof Doog, till it collapsed because the profits were eaten up; Charlie, whose English failed him at opportune moments; dorm 7 and their sneak attack on the garbage men; the boy who asked for extra pocket money so that he could buy a wench for his bicycle, and many others whose exploits I daren't even mention!

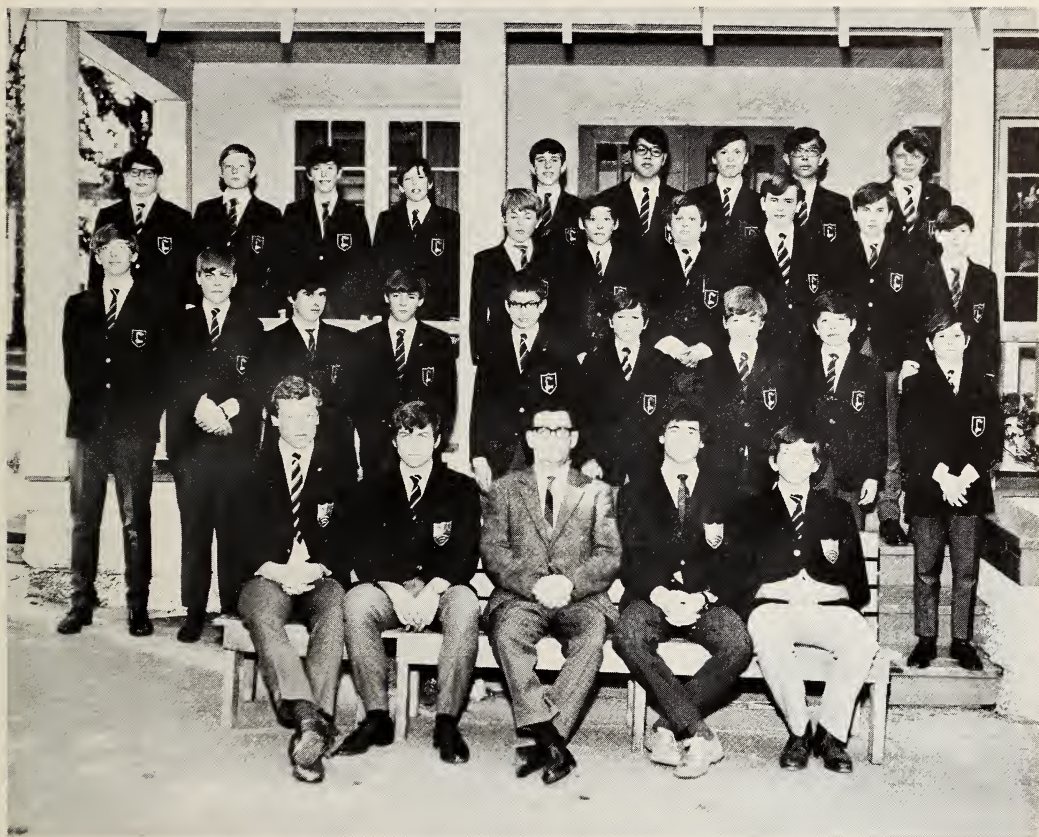
No longer will I participate in such impromptu gatherings as the highly successful 'eat-in', which offered such high calibre of food that it attracted some of the underprivileged from other houses - such as the Privett Housemaster and the Head Prefect.

No report would be complete without recognition of those boys who helped so efficiently to run the house. Thanks to Bick Rook and Vincent Kwan for their work in the library, to Rob McLean and Harry Williams for their culinary efforts, to Doug Loder and Steve Bramall for their help throughout the year, and to Bill Vetleson and Mike Thompson for taking over so ably the duties of House Prefects in the summer term. Graham Vink and Benny Sung are due particular congratulations for the fine example they set. The award of the Citizenship Cup to Benny Sung came as no surprise to anyone in Whittall House.

Mr. Queen takes over Whittall House next year and to him go our best wishes for the future.

R.O.

HOPE HOUSE



Another year of Hope House history comes to its close. With its passing one recalls how from September to Summer life often involved the House and assistants, along with prefects in considerable mental stress wondering just what would be thought of next. I often think that the basis of House life lies in the individuality of its members, and it is the rational expression and adjustment of that individuality which makes House life interesting. We had a number of such "individualists" - and there was never a dull moment.

While it is difficult for any heterogeneous group of youngsters nearly all new to boarding school life, to mould closely into a strong working unit, this problem was exceptionally difficult during the current year of the House as a whole. Homesickness was, as usual, present among some, but by and large all was well, considerably before the end of the Fall term.

Opening day found the House in pristine

state: new bunks had built-in drawers and glamorous tiling on the floors had replaced our problem carpets. Great was the Housemaster's relief when he realised that no longer would he hear "Sir, dorm eleven won't give up the carpet sweeper!" - said implements having a life span of about three months - the handle disintegrating first!

A memorable occurrence this year was a small group of Grade Eights who went once a week to the Cathedral in Victoria, to practice bell-ringing. No one hanged himself, although Greg Stewart distinguished the occasion by managing to break his arm. Among other events was the sudden penchant for decorating the dorms a la Turk. Rooms were festooned with blankets, beds became tents, lights were heavily shaded, even painted an alarming shade of red. One practically had to carry a flashlight to identify the occupants.

Then of course, there was Christmas!!!

Small trees and cedar branches were looted from somewhere, and streamers of crepe paper and even pop can keys were everywhere. All to lend the festive touch. But we were sweeping pine needles for weeks.

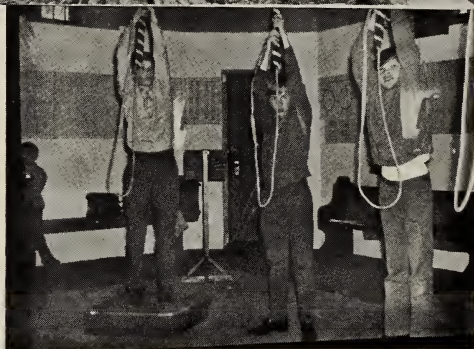
Among the House sights were Pat Oakley cuddling his tuba, making the most hideous squawks with it; Jeff Norton in German helmet practicing his epee; Andrew Hougie's ingress via a drainpipe, and egress habitually by the fire escape. Nothing so mundane as the back door could suit Andrew. Finally there was

Peter Hempsall's mod bicycle which nestled cosily beside his pillow. It all lent zest to life, however.

To conclude I must offer thanks to Mr. Davies and Mr. Yorath for their help this year, John Schinbein as Head of House, and Ian Harvie, Peter Hempsall, and John "Stump" Wilson were of great help and assistance. To them I am most grateful. During recent weeks Andy Raphael, Stephen Cooke and Alex Speers rendered yeoman service as House Monitors.

D.P.





SPORTS

BRENTWOOD COLLEGE RUGBY CLUB

After several years of success, the Brentwood College Rugby Club was perhaps a little complacent. What many players forgot was that those years at the top were a result of extreme dedication, hard training, attention to detail and the ability to play on "guts" when it really counted. One frequently heard this season that a student was playing "for fun," and this in the student's mind was synonymous with a casual approach, and a slack attitude to training.

I would, of course, be the last person to deny that one plays rugby "for fun," but it is the interpretation of this phrase that I differ from many students. The fun comes from the feeling that one is as fully prepared as possible - physically and mentally - and that one is giving everything in the game. If one does this one does not mind losing, and this I am sure was true of the second Shawnigan game at the 1st XV level. Here a side already weakened by injury, starting as underdogs, had the extreme misfortune to lose a player in the opening minutes of the game. Everyone gave his utmost, and there was no shame in the defeat. This coach had the extraordinary experience of having a team lose by more than 20 points and feeling proud of them. Indeed I have never been as moved by a winning team as I was by this team in defeat.

What is unfortunate is that many members of the Club, particularly in the Senior School, did not follow the example of the 1st XV. We knew that we were in for a difficult year. Only four members of the 1st XV were returning - Ted Dunfee, Brian Thorne, Brian Hawksworth and Eric Paul - and every outside half down to the Jr. Colts level had left. We had no big forwards and most of the pack were very young without the strength of maturer players.

We knew this was a year of building, and with a weak 1st XV our other teams would be affected. This is where I feel some of our experienced players let us down. Where they could have held together the 2nd, 3rd and 4th XV's, containing many young inexperienced players, they offered little. A boy new to the school can hardly be expected to know what the Rugby Club has meant in the past to Brentwood College. When he hears an experienced player advocate a "playing for fun" policy it is not surprising he follows this example. I personally cannot see "the fun" in losing week after week, and an encouraging sign was that many players obviously felt the same way, particularly after the first series of games against Shawnigan.

We consider this a bad year for the Rugby Club and yet if we look at the results of the 1st XV we see the only defeats were by the very fine Shawnigan side, and, as already stated, in the second of these games the 1st XV acquitted themselves honourably. The Junior XV's showed ability, and the right spirit, particularly Mr. Davies' Jr. Jr. Colts. Let us hope for a resurgence of "The Brentwood Spirit" next season. We had become soft at the top. Now we are down the scale and need the dedication and desire to regain our position.

To conclude on a brighter note - we did learn to become gracious losers; we did play on good pitches, thanks to Mr. Finnegan and his staff; we did look immaculate and have good equipment, thanks to Mr. Pitt; and we did provide pleasant teas, thanks to the kitchen staff. As always we are very grateful to these workers behind the scenes.

I.R.F.



FIRST XV PLAYING RECORD

P	W	L	D	For	Against				
12	6	5	1	226	161				
Mr. Ford's XV				WON	42	8	*University School		
UVic Frosh				LOST	19	24	Royal Roads		
Castaways 2nd XV				WON	31	8	Old Boys' XV		
Internationals XV				LOST	28	33	Claremont		
*Shawnigan				LOST	28	33	*Shawnigan		
*St. George's				DRAWN	9	9	*University School		
							*St. George's		
							*Independent Schools Game.		
							WON	17	6
							WON	29	0
							WON	17	6
							LOST	6	20
							LOST	0	22
							WON	19	3

Representative Honours

Vancouver Island XV vs. All Japan High Schools XV. — Ted Dunfee, Brian Hawkesworth, Brian Thorne, Murray Bayles.

Victoria XV (U19) vs. Vancouver (U19) — Murray Bayles.

Victoria XV (U17) vs. Vancouver (U17) — Derek Arnoldi, Reg Stewart, Robert Williams, Ross Morrison, Jeff Allester, Doug Levell, John Bradford.

1st XV

Last year's successful team contained many Grade XII's and so we knew we were in for a lot of rebuilding. Only four of last year's team - Ted Dunfee, Brian Thorne, Eric Paul and Brian Hawkesworth returned, and two of these - Thorne and Hawkesworth were plagued by injury. So a very young, very inexperienced side took the field in Brentwood 1st XV strip.

Brentwood success has for years been built on forward domination. This we were just not physically capable of achieving. We had no lineout forwards although Murray Bayles and Ted Dunfee got ball by use of skilful deflection and tapping. We were forced time after time to resort to the long throw which at least gave us a 50 percent chance of possession. But we could use none of the moves that the lineout domination of players like Arne Dahl and Rob

Hindson had allowed us to develop.

In the set scrums we got our own ball by dint of much practice of the concerted shove and Derek Arnoldi achieved a quick strike which got the ball out fast.

When the opposing packs got the ball, however, we were in trouble, for they held the ball and tired us out.

It was in the loose that we were in most trouble. We had the desire to get there, and drove fearlessly, but we just did not have the strength possessed by older players. Often we saw players doing the right thing, technically, but manhandled by maturer opposition. It was not necessarily a question of size, but of age and strength. We must remember Robert Williams, Murray Bayles, Reggie Stewart and Derek Arnoldi were barely sixteen and the rest of the pack not much older.

If the problem with the pack was youth and size, the problem with the backs was youth and inexperience. On several occasions we took the field with three Colts in the backline, and they acquitted themselves well. Whereas several of the forwards were young Grade XI's, Jock Olser, Dean Foote and Pat Durban were young Grade X's. All showed coolness under

pressure - again auguring well for the future.

We had dangerous runners in the backs, but we rarely achieved the smoothness to score tries consistently. What good ball we got was often frittered away, again inexperience and youth causing a vital mistake. Stevie Bramall was a constant threat to the opposition, and our wings, John Bradford and Eric Paul looked very dangerous. It was a pity that our most dangerous threequarter, Brian Hawksworth, had a series of injuries accompanied by a loss of confidence and form. Two other backs, Doug Levell and Jeff Allester, were really quite remarkable in how quickly they learned. Neither had played much rugby, yet in a matter of weeks they were playing for the 1st XV - no mean achievement. Not surprisingly, they were inexperienced and made mistakes.

So the 1st XV were a very young, inexperienced side. They tried to play attractive rugby, and their attitude was admirable. They play in a tough league, and a lot, probably too much, was asked of them. They were always cheerful, and they learned some invaluable lessons. The experience gained this year will stand them in good stead next season.

I.R.F.

RUGBY CRITIQUES 1970-71

1st XV

DUNFEE, Ted - (Captain and No. 8)

Ted played some fine games at No. 8 and proved a good leader by example giving his utmost at all times. His strength is undoubtedly defense; he covers tirelessly and is a lethal tackler. He does not, however, show the same flair in attack although he runs strongly. I fear he will prove too small for a No. 8 in the senior game and would suggest a move to the front row.

THORNE, Brian - (Prop and Second Row)

Brian, although nagged by injury, again proved invaluable in many features of forward play. Time after time he set up good ball in the loose, and his work in the set scrums and lineouts is admirable. He is, of course, too small for 2nd row, but he could make a good senior prop. He needs to work on his handling.

HOOD, Greg - (Prop)

Greg's improvement this year was incredible; from 4th team scrum half to 1st XV prop is a remarkable jump. He is very strong and soon learned the technique of making life uncomfortable for the opposition. A tireless worker, he also showed speed with the ball in his hands, and a run he made in Victoria against University School sticks in the memory.

ARNOLDI, Derek - (Hooker)

Derek has a fast strike, and it was unfortunate that our pack was invariably outweighed. He nevertheless gained a good supply of the ball. He is still rather small for this level of rugby, but gets through an incredible amount of work, particularly in defense. He should have a good season next year.

STEWART, REG - (Prop)

Reg was I think the smallest prop ever to play for Brentwood, and he certainly had a hard time of it against older and harder props. He has, I am sure, learned a great deal from this experience, and if he continues to grow, as he has recently, this plus his mobility and determination will make him a real force next year.

BAYLES, Murray - (2nd Row)

There is no greater tribute to Murray's play than his selection for the Island under 19 team. Though still under 17, he made his mark in a position requiring strength and maturity. He is not yet particularly big, but can take on the biggest of opponents because of his tremendous desire. He is absolutely tireless, loves contact, and by sheer application has turned himself into a more than useful lineout forward, a feature of the game for which he is not really equipped.

WILLIAMS, Robert - (Blindside Wing Forward)

Robert's strength is undoubtedly his covering ability and his lethal tackling. He has saved several tries by his "do or die" efforts, and when asked to cover the backs he has positioned himself most intelligently. He is not as good in attack and must work on this feature of his game, - a few runs in the three quarter line would certainly help.

McCONNELL, Boyd - (Open Side Wing Forward)

Boyd was yet another forward who was small, but all heart. A good tackler and tireless coverer. He was quick at picking the ball from the ground and driving forward - this brought him tries near the line where he was very difficult to stop, but did not result in the distribution of the ball that the best wing forwards achieve. He should work at this.

BRAMALL, Terry - (Utility Forward)

Terry substituted when the forwards were hit with injury, and always gave his utmost. He is an unlikely looking player, being rather gangly, but he certainly plays his weight. His tackling was devastating, and he ran well with the ball in his hands.

MORRISON, Ross - (Scrum Half)

In his first year of rugby, Ross showed a remarkable improvement. He has a fast long service, and defends courageously round the base of the scrum. He, not surprisingly, makes mistakes because of his lack of experience, but is quick to learn. I regret he will not be with us next year, and hope he will continue to play rugby after he leaves the College.

BRAMALL, Steve - (Scrum Half and Outside Half)

Undoubtedly one of the most talented and most infuriating players to have been at Brentwood. He will show signs of brilliance and maturity one moment, only to follow them with lapses which would disgrace the most junior novice. One reason is that undoubtedly a lot was asked of Steve this year. As the only experienced back he had to run the back line, hold it together in time of crisis, read the game, kick, and provide much of the attacking threat. The other teams realised this, and he was usually double marked. But even so Steve's great problem is lack of concentration, and an unwillingness to work on detail. He is elusive, kicks beautifully, can read the game and has a beautiful service. He could be one of the best players Brentwood has ever produced, but he must learn to concentrate.

ALLESTER, Jeff - (Outside Half)

Jeff was asked to do the most impossible and he made a good stab at pulling it off. With no experience and little natural aptitude for the position, he was asked to play fly half - probably the most difficult position on the field. He gave his utmost, and was very keen to learn so that by the end of the season he could kick adequately, pass reasonably, and tackle very well.

Of course, after only 6 months he has a lot to learn, makes many mistakes and has not yet mastered basic skills. But we must always remember how far he has come in how short a time: - when we do this we cannot but admire his achievement.

FOOTE, Dean - (Inside Centre)

Dean (a Colt) played a few times for the 1st XV and played very well. His defence was rocklike, particularly against Shawnigan's superb backs where his motto was surely "Ils ne passeront pas." In attack he tended to be slow to regain his position and got left behind. Considering his youth a most courageous performer.

HAWKSWORTH, Brian - (Centre)

Brian was nagged by a series of injuries, and consequently sometimes lost his confidence. At his best, however, he was very good. He tackled hard and was an elusive runner. He passes well and has a good left foot. He should practise with his right foot, learn to "grub kick," and get a little more "devil" when being tackled. The half-break thus gained will often send in a team-mate.

LEVELL, Doug - (Outside Centre)

Like Jeff Allester, Doug was an inexperienced player who performed most creditably, and learned a lot in a short time. He is endowed with a powerful physique, and is fast. He has now a good grasp of basic skills. With more work on his passing, kicking and positional play in attack and defence, he will be a very fine player indeed.

PAUL, Eric - (Wing Threequarter)

Eric has always been a good tackler, but this season saw him become a dangerous attacker also. He ran with determination, and developed a fake inside and burst outside. He should work on his kicking and passing, and go hunting for the ball - he is inclined to wait for the ball on the wing instead of getting involved in play at every opportunity.

BRADFORD, John - (Wing Threequarter)

A most powerful runner who in full flight is very difficult to bring down. He has a good left-footed cross-kick which often gets him out of trouble. Like Paul, he tends to be uninvolved when the ball is not in his immediate vicinity. He should be thinking all the time: - in attack where can I best appear? In defence, when should I cross over and help my full back?

WILLIAMS, Harry - (Wing Threequarter)

Harry was another inexperienced back who was "thrown in at the deep end." He tackled hard and ran well, but naturally still has a lot to learn. He must acquire more variation in attack, and master the basic skills. Again though we must remember how far he has come in a short time.

OSLER, Jock - (Full Back)

Jock was another Colt called on to play for the 1st XV, and he showed remarkable poise for one so young. He has an admirable coolness under pressure, a good kick and an inborn positional sense. With experience, he will be a fine player.

I.R.F.

**2nd XV
RECORD**

P	W	L	D	For	Against
7	3	4	0	88	101

When the 1st XV are having problems, it is inevitable that the 2nd XV will have little opportunity to settle down, and the situation was made even worse by the abundance of injuries.

As with the 1st XV, the 2nd XV were very small up front, and only Scott Sites consistently seemed to show the right desire for all the game. Most of the other forwards played in spurts. They got reasonable possession from the set scrums and lineouts, but were sadly

lacking in the loose play. The backrow forwards, when they did get there, were so small they could never set up good second phase Rugby, and I have several memories of our forwards being whirled about by the opposition.

It is not surprising that, with such forwards, the backs, particularly the halves, had problems. David Stanley showed tremendous guts in falling and tackling, but always seemed to be under pressure. Not surprisingly then the whole backline suffered. Individually they looked dangerous runners, particularly Peter Hemsall, but they never achieved any cohesion so that in defence they frequently left

holes and in attack movements failed because of poor positioning or dropped passes.

If I appear to be hard on the 2nd XV I must say a few things in their defence. Most of them were very young, and inexperienced. With one hard forward to hold the pack together, and one experienced back to run the line they would have looked a different side. Besides being

young and particularly because of their youth, they were small. Some have still not grown, but others, a year older, will make a real impact next season.

Finally I must commend the team on their desire to learn, and their remaining cheerful throughout the season in spite of their lack of success.

I.R.F.



3rd XV RECORD

P	W	L	D	For	Against
6	3	3	-	49	53

The 3rd XV enjoyed a pleasant season of rugby last term. From the outset, it was obvious that we would have a multitude of experienced forwards but very few backs. It was thus necessary to train completely 'green' boys for key positions such as scrum-half, full-back, and centre. Thanks largely to the leadership and drive of our Captain, Ian Harvie, who led the team from either stand-off or first centre, we were

able to give creditable performances in the backs in all of our matches. The 3rd XV scrum was never beaten: it was the mainstay of the team and always won more than its share of the ball. Many of our players were 'drafted' into 'A' group including the scrum-half, Ross Morrison, who moved directly up to the 1st XV. We thus fulfilled that part of our function by adding considerably to the rugby strength of the school. I would like to thank all of the players for their efforts; if enjoyment of the game is important then we had a successful season indeed.

C.M.R.



4th XV RECORD

P	W	L	D	For	Against
4	1	3	-	16	35

The 4th XV struggled valiantly through the term against the numberless vicissitudes cast in its path. Almost the entire team was new to rugby and made a fine effort to learn the basics of the game under rather frustrating cir-

cumstances. The size and inexperience of 'B' group made it difficult to manage with only one coach, and the 4th XV inevitably suffered from lack of attention. Most of their rugby was learned while acting as 'cannon fodder' for the 3rd XV and I would like to congratulate the many players whose spirit never flagged; thank you all for a fine effort.

C.M.R.



COLTS XV RECORD

P	W	L	D	For	Against
8	5	3	1	79	64

This was a very confused year for the Colts XV. A nucleus of very experienced backs had returned to the school, many of whom had toured Britain the previous year and prospects appeared to be very bright indeed. However, it soon became apparent that our weakness would be in the pack and it was a lack of experienced forwards that plagued our efforts throughout the term. The early games in the series were disastrous from the point of view of forward

play but a general improvement towards the end of term was noted.

Special mention must be made of Chris Olynky, the Captain, whose personal example in training and in games was always an inspiration. Dean Foote, Mike Padwick, Pat Durban and Jeff Osler played both for the Colts and the 1st XV and all learned to cope with the idiosyncracies of the many coaches they had.

The team was represented and well served by J. Osler, C. Overton, R. Hugo, D. Levell, M. Padwick, D. Foote, B. Halliday, P. Durban, L. Crawford, T. Smith, R. Babcook, K. Lees, G. Fearing, R. Reid, J. Jordan, M. Gibb, J. Turner, C. Sutherland, D. Gordon, C. Olynky (Captain).
A.C.C.



JUNIOR COLTS XV RECORD

P	W	L	D	For	Against
11	4	6	1	78	80

The Junior Colts enjoyed a moderate season so far as the record is concerned mainly due to the inconsistency, a real enemy among inexperienced teams. At times the team played hard aggressive rugby yet still tended to lose games during lapses of concentration and effort. A number of games were lost by single costly errors which caused fortunes to be swiftly reversed.

Individually many forwards developed well, supplying good ball from line-out and scrum yet their team-work and aggression was never good enough to ensure an adequate supply of good ball from the lose. The backs similarly showed individual talent and desire but rarely were able to sustain good passing movements to continually pressure the opposition.

The season began with a fine drawn game

at Shawnigan followed by a loss to St. George's, much closer than the 0-14 score would suggest. After a good win over University School 33-3 and Quamichan J.H.S. at home, two infuriating losses occurred in the mud in Duncan to the tunes of 0-5 and 0-6. The final Shawnigan game was a superb struggle which broke open in the latter stages when the pack was finally worn down by the larger, stronger Shawnigan forwards.

The second term promised more than it achieved largely due to bad weather and an unstable league schedule. The team lost to a superb Castaways side but played well to defeat a Glenlyon XV 9-0 in what turned out to be the season's final game.

Despite an overall moderate record I feel that the Colts XV will inherit a number of good individual players next season. It also appears essential that all juniors must play more than one term of regular rugby fixtures in their first year to learn the basics correctly.

W.J.



JUNIOR JUNIOR COLTS XV RECORD

P	W	L	D	For	Against
10	7	3	0	71	29

The Junior Colts XV enjoyed a most successful season. Although most of the team members were new to the game, they proved very enthusiastic and soon showed signs of mastering their basic skills. After three weeks of gruelling training, they played a wonderful game to beat Shawnigan 9-0.

Although the group lacked depth it certainly did not lack potential. From the first game it became evident that Chuck Wills and

Mark Lax would prove the outstanding players in the group, and provide the penetrating force in the backs. However, all took their training most seriously and were always ready to give of their best. By the end of the Christmas Term they were playing sound constructive rugby and the term culminated in a most exciting game against St. George's with Brentwood gaining victory in the closing stages.

I would like to thank Mark Lax (Captain) and all the members of the team for showing such great interest in the game. A pleasure to coach you!

J.E.D.



SENIOR TRACK

Despite the fact that in some events standards achieved were very high, this year's Senior Track team lacked depth. The Captain was Brian Hawksworth who had a magnificent season. Because of his valuable services to track and field at this school a special report is written about him.

Other outstanding performances came from Harry Williams who entered the season with a 52.6 second 400 metres at the B.C. championships. Jeff Allester won the mid-Island javelin competition with a throw of 163 ft. and it is clear that, with continued hard work, he will be capable of 180 ft.

Steve Bramall and John Bradford won the mid-Island and Independent School broad jump

titles respectively, Bramall jumped 19 ft., 4 1-2 inches in the former and Bradford, 19 ft., 9 1-2 inches in the latter. Doug Levell, though plagued by injury, showed that he had a future in the 300 metre hurdles while David Hawksworth, by the end of the season, had reduced his time in the 3,000 to 9 minutes, 38.4 seconds.

Murray Bayles and Duncan McLean showed steadily improved hammer throwing during the season. Bayles achieved 125 ft. with McLean close behind. It was a great disappointment that neither Robson and Shipley through illness and injury could not be present. Their absence was sorely missed.

I am certain that next year's team will be very hard to beat.

C.D.Y.

A SPECIAL NOTE OF FAREWELL

As the Brentwood College track coach for four of the last five years, I have been asked to write a few extra words on Brian Hawksworth, who is graduating this year, after an exceptional track career at this school.

In the summer of 1969 I wrote in the 'Brentonian' that Brian was "without a doubt the outstanding athlete at the Under 16 level not

only at Brentwood but within the entire independent school system." Now two years later I can say that he has achieved the same prominent position at the Senior level.

This year Brian achieved the kind of success that his four years of hard work and dedicated enthusiasm so richly deserved. In the Zone Eleven Elimination Trials for the B.C.

High School Championships he won three events, (400 m., 300 m. intermediate hurdles, and 110 m. high hurdles), and with them the 'Most Valuable Athlete Award'. Later in the term in the B.C. Independent Schools Championship he again achieved the same three firsts as well as a second in the 200 m. It is not surprising that Brian, therefore was the convincing winner of the Senior Victor Ludorum Cup on School Sports Day.

Over the last four years Brian has become particularly interested in the 300 m. intermediate hurdles and in this event he has reached a very high standard indeed. In addition to the above successes he was the Vancouver Island

High School Champion in this event, and in finishing fourth in the B.C. High School Championships he had an unofficial best time of 39.8 seconds - over half a second faster than last year's winning time! Two of the boys ahead of him beat the existing Canadian Interscholastic Record whilst the third had the previous week bettered the qualifying time for the Pan-Am Games in the 400 m. hurdles!

At the time of writing, Brian has been taken under the wing of the Vancouver Olympic Club and there seems to be a reasonable chance of a track scholarship to the United States. We certainly wish him all the very best of luck in his future career on the track.

N.R.B.P.



JUNIOR TRACK TEAM

When the Junior Track section assembled on the first Thursday of term the amount of talent appeared limited but the coaches were more than pleased with the way in which the athletes set about training.

The team make-up was variable and a little confusing as age restrictions appeared almost as numerous as meets entered. Whilst conflicting sports commitments prevented the team as a whole from competing often, those

that were able to attend numerous meets profited greatly from the competitive experience.

At the under-15 level Robbie Foote continued his hurdling progress of last season coming second in the Mid-Island Meet despite shattering the old 80 metre record. At 200 and 400 metres Mike Lax showed himself in outstanding form breaking both records at the same meet and adding great strength to the under-16 team at other times.

At under-16 level Mike Padwick showed a great increase in strength and speed over last

year being a consistent winner at 100 m., 200 m. long and triple jumps although perhaps his most spectacular performance was catching up over 5 yards deficit on the final leg of the 4 x 100 metre relay to win the Independent Schools event. Harry Williams, David Hawksworth and Robert Williams all added great strength to the Junior teams where age limits allowed. Robert finally appears to have mastered the spear whilst Harry's competitive attitude would be difficult to better at any level of sport. At 400 metre and 800 metre both Chuck Wills and Robert Hugo showed great promise despite developing a love for the cliff-hanging come-from-behind type of win which can be very hard on a coach's nerves. In the throws John Burns developed well in the few competitions he was able to attend and his positive aggressive outlook should make him hard to beat if he will stay with the sport.

Overall, Mr. Yorath and myself feel quite satisfied with the team's competitive attitude and achievement. If the talent and enthusiasm shown this year can be maintained next season Brentwood could be very hard to beat at either level in 1972 both in B.C. and in Britain.

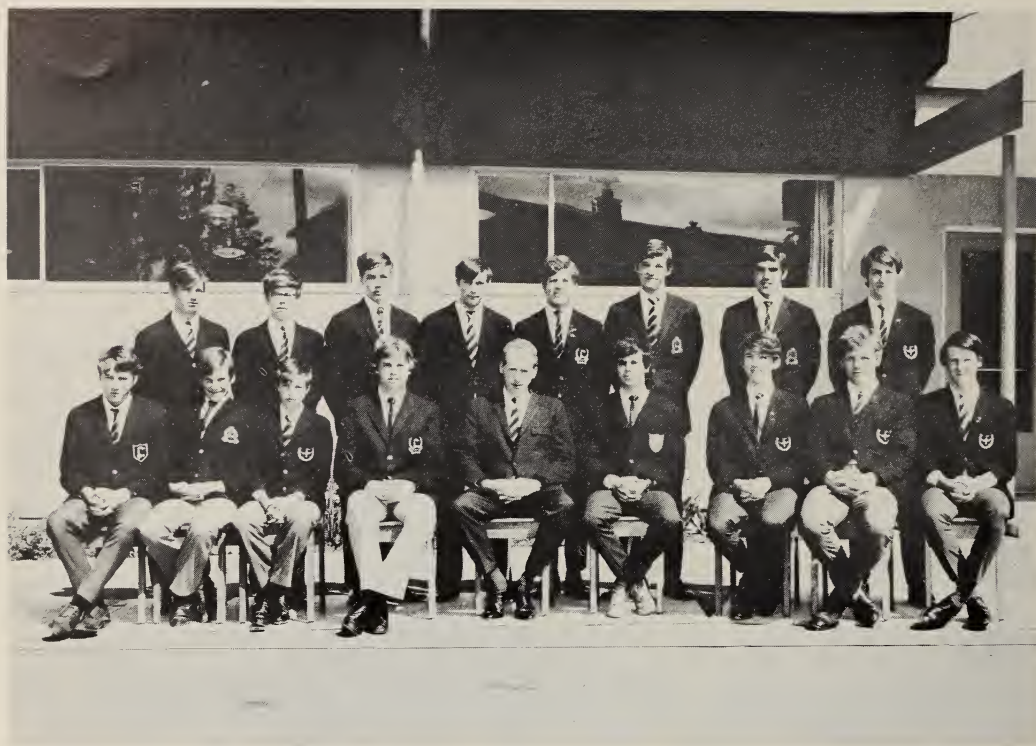
W.J.B.

VANCOUVER ISLAND JUNIOR MEET

Three Island titles were won, two by Michael Lax and one by Robert Foote. Michael Lax's strength and speed made him a clear winner in both 200 and 400 metres, whilst Robie Foote's superior hurdling technique gave him his victory. Our Junior 4x400 relay team took a worthy third place and in doing so set a new Junior School record. David Hawksworth gained 3rd place in the 300 m, setting a new school record in 9m - 38.4s. training

W.J.B.

BRENTWOOD COLLEGE FLYING CLUB 1970-71



This year has been an active one for the flying club with our biggest problem being that of poor weather, and although this has resulted in a last minute rush it appears that we will have managed to complete our programme successfully.

Twelve students were enrolled on course, this being the maximum number we are able to handle in one year. It was an unusual year, however, from the point of view that our membership included only two licenced pilots due to the fact that most of last year's licences were Grade 12 graduates.

The training programme has, if anything, become more intensive and the standards required have been raised significantly. As a result, those on course have had to apply themselves diligently to all aspects of their training. Once again, our flying has been done with Victoria Flying Services and the ground school has been given by Group Captain Jardine. It would be appropriate here to express our thanks to Group Captain Jardine for his fine and dedicated work and for his great interest in our club.

Our total flying time for this year is between 400 and 500 hours. The grand total for

the past six years is now in the neighbourhood of 2,500 hours.

Ministry of Transport ground school exams have now been written with most pleasing results. Many of the marks obtained were in the 80 percent range and the top mark was 98 percent. Flight tests should be completed shortly with the hope of all students receiving their licences in the very near future. This will bring the total number of private pilots graduating from this club to sixty. This year's crop are as follows: Wade Davis, Reg Saffel, Boyd McConnell, Peter Farran, Alex Speers, Wayne Stuckleberger, John Thompson, Reg Stewart, Gordon Archer, John Bradford, Ron Friedli, Craig Lighthouse.

The club has been privileged to sponsor such guests to the school as Mr. C. H. "Punch" Dickens who is one of Canada's great aviators, and Mr. Alan McQuarrie who is chief of the Victoria weather office. Mr. Dickens spoke to the whole school body about flying in much earlier days and of some of the fantastic experiences which have made him well known for his pioneer work in Northern Canada. Mr. McQuarrie, as he has done for a number of years, gave us an insight into the subject of meteorology that

I am sure only an expert could do. We are most grateful to both these gentlemen for their kindness in coming to the school.

There have been other activities also. In September, before flying commenced, all members were involved in painting the club aircraft. This we all found was a much bigger job than was at first envisioned. A little later in the year the club sponsored an exceptional film on the history of aviation in Canada. During some of our very poor weather, a visit was made to the Rescue Coordination Centre for B.C. which is stationed in Victoria. This, to say the least, proved to be a highly informative and important visit. In the spring we took our annual tour of Vancouver Airport facilities. These included the weather centre, CP Air operations, the new and extremely modern Area Traffic Control

centre, and finally the control tower where we were able to get a unique view of the delivery of Air Canada's new Boeing 747.

The scholarship fund this year amounted to \$265.00. This figure includes the annual contribution of \$100.00 by Victoria Flying Services. It has been decided again that this money will be used to make small awards to all licencees.

The club executive this year was as follows: Wade Davis, President; Ian Harvie, Vice-President; Jim Rea, Secretary. These people have been a great help in the organization and operation of club activities.

It is hoped that our year's activities will be climaxed with a flypast at closing day ceremonies.

R.N.



ROWING

This was undoubtedly the most successful year for Brentwood in this sport. In years past we have always entered varsity events with much foreboding and usually our worst fears were justified. The story was somewhat different this year as our first crew gave an excellent account of themselves and firmly established our reputation for the future. In the final analysis this year will be remembered as the year we defeated our fiercely competitive rivals - Shawnigan Lake School varsity eight - if only on one occasion, and on different occasions defeated every varsity crew in the Northwest Pacific.

On reflection this coach must confess that his hopes never encompassed winning the B.C. Schools Championship and every credit must be given to the first crew in coming so close to that coveted crown. The concept of running a rowing programme throughout the year had often been discussed and one year was implemented as an alternative to rugby but only this year was there any real attempt made to involve a competitive group. The results have proved the value of the programme and it is hoped that even greater success will come our way next year, when we plan to tour Europe and compete at the Henley Royal Regatta.

Our first Winter programme was very experimental, a great deal of time being devoted to maintenance of boats and raising the level of conditioning among the oarsmen. All too soon the racing season was upon us and we were faced with a pre-season meet in Seattle hosted by Lakeside School. Our first eight rowed a very strong mile to win their event by a narrow margin and our second eight, for the most part Colts and Junior Colts was defeated by a very competitive lightweight Lakeside crew.

Having lost the services of Keiron Gray and Corey Herrensperger to the exchange programme we faced a Summer slate of four regattas, the first of which was to be hosted by ourselves. The Brentwood regatta was a success from every aspect that our crews, hampered by having to use our own equipment, failed to win an event. The feature varsity eight race was won in very convincing style by the Sentinel crew of West Vancouver. The following weekend we tied with the same Sentinel crew and defeated both Shawnigan and Lakeside crews. At the same regatta our junior varsity four gave a very good account of themselves losing only by inches to a Lakeside crew. The B.C. championship now stood divided be-

tween Sentinel and ourselves for the eights division. The next two regattas were to decide who would travel to Eastern Canada for the Canadian schools Championship.

Seattle regatta proved to be a disaster for us in the varsity eights being edged by both the Canadian schools in a very close race. The race was probably the most exciting seen in Seattle for a decade, with five crews crossing the line within a boat length of one another, rushing headlong towards a cement wall only 60 feet away. Fortunately the brakes worked for all races that day and our second crew saved our pride by winning second place pennants in eights and fours. The last regatta of the season at Shawnigan Lake was a memorable one for the first eight who lost to Shawnigan but defeated every other crew in the league including a Green Lake crew from Seattle who previously held a three year unbeaten record. Our four with cox won their event despite a slalom course being steered by bow and our novice eight placed second to a much improved St. Georges first crew.

A new event was instituted this year - a race between Cliffside School and a four from

our ninth grade. We raced in heavy fibreglass fours from their dock at Shawnigan Lake and our older boys won the event despite a very strong finishing burst from the home crew. We hope this will become an annual event and look forward to racing next year.

In conclusion I would like to express my thanks to Mr. J. L. Queen for his support and assistance, to Greg Hood this year's captain of rowing for his devotion to training and leadership in the crew, to Paul Lacterman for three years of effort that was only rewarded this year and to all those associated with the sport this year for making it the success it was.

Varsity VIII

J. Burns, E. Paul, R. Friedli, M. Bayles, J. Henniger, P. Lacterman, G. Hood, J. Allester (stk), G. Stewart (cox).

Junior Varsity - Novice

C. Olynyk, C. Wills, T. Smith, G. Foreman, G. Fearing, G. Young, B. Hick, D. Levell, J. Arnim, J. Robson, T. Campbell.



CYCLING

With the arrival of the ten speed bicycle to Brentwood a new sport was formally instituted this year. Eighteen enthusiastic bicycle owners led by Mr. Orr banded together to form the Cycling Club.

Though there was, of course, no formal competition either internal or external, many miles were covered every sports day. In addition several overnight excursions took place which were much enjoyed. They say that a picture is worth more than a thousand words so let the following photographs tell the story.

We think cycling is here to stay.

R.O.



FIELD HOCKEY

1st XI

P	W	L	D	For	Goals Against
5	2	3	0	8	8

This year's group of field hockey players consisted of eight more or less experienced players and about twenty who had never seen the game before. The enthusiasm was remarkable, and we put out two representative elevens which were able to show that Brentwood is becoming a force to reckon with on the hockey field. The 1st XI beat Shawnigan Lake School 3-2 in the opening match of the season, and

2nd XI

P	W	L	D	For	Goals Against
2	1	0	1	1	0

came very close to holding St. George's in Vancouver, finally losing 2-1. The 2nd VI can be proud of recording two shut-outs.

Gary Dietrich made a big impression as captain again, ably supported by the agility of Ten Dunfee, the trickiness of Ross Morrison, the crunching tackling of Gary Bremner and the wholehearted efforts of all the other players.

H.J.M.



SOCCER

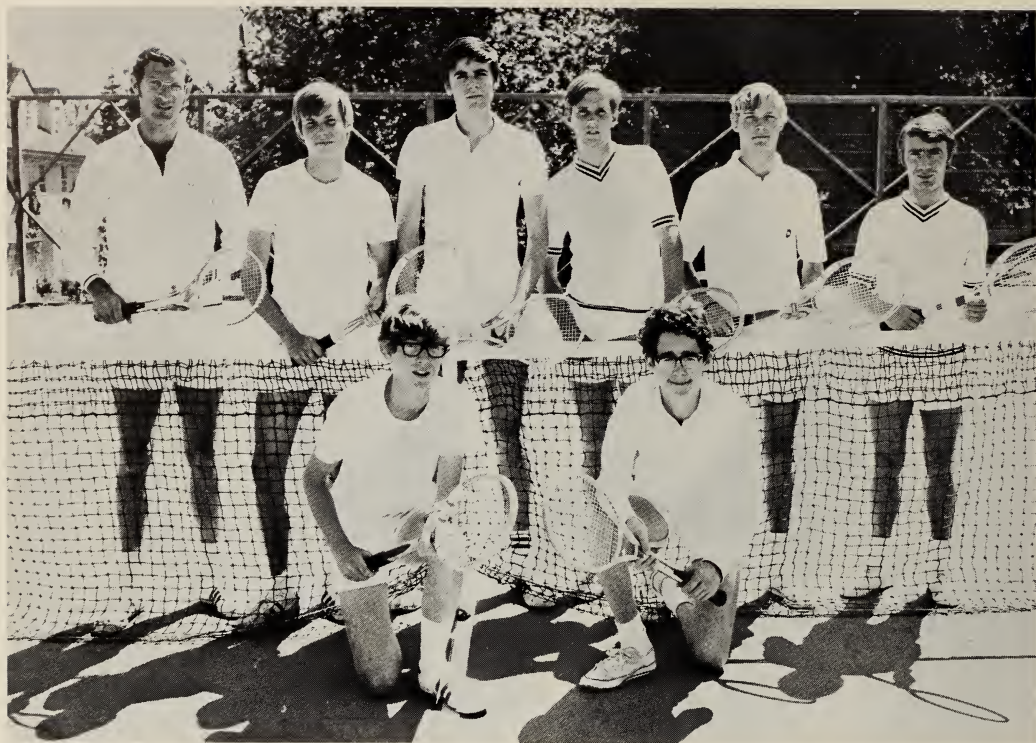
Eighty students from all grades were involved in the Spring Term soccer programme. The three main houses put out first and second teams to create a league competition with six elevens. Enthusiasm, increasing skill among the players and a competitive spirit helped make the soccer enjoyable to play and to watch. Privett's first team were unbeaten while Ellis lost only once in a tightly fought 1-0 game with Privett.

The league competition led up to the Independent Schools' Soccer Tournament held at Brentwood on Saturday, 19th March. The tournament was organised as a knock-out competition. In the semi-finals Brentwood beat University School 7-1 and Shawnigan Lake narrowly

defeated St. George's 3-2. Brentwood showed more organisation in defence against University School and Bill Vetleson in goal was rarely troubled. Our attack was slow in the first twenty minutes but then began to find and exploit the gaps in the opposition's defence.

In the final against Shawnigan we found ourselves two goals down after only fifteen minutes. Brentwood fought hard to break this lead but without success. Although we dominated the game territorially, Shawnigan were sharper in front of goal. At the end of the afternoon Mr. Mackenzie presented the trophy and medals to the winning team.

H.J.M.



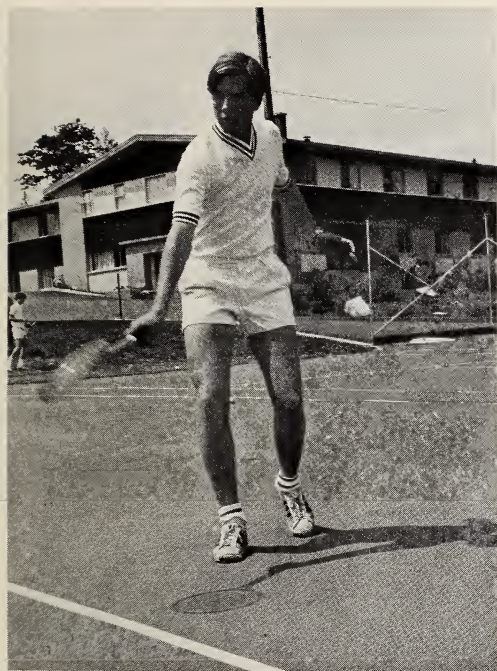
TENNIS

This year another successful tennis programme was crowned by a victory which has eluded Brentwood in the past: for the first time, our tennis team won the Independent Schools Tennis Trophy by defeating University School, St. George's and Shawnigan in a series of three nine-match competitions. In the process, we won twenty-two of a possible twenty-seven matches including a surprising eight to one victory over last year's champions, St. George's. Brentwood was represented by the following team members: Robert Reid, Jock Osler, Mark Timmis, Scott Reed, David Wilkinson and David Trottier.

In addition to the outstanding success of

the team, the entire tennis group of fifty-one boys enjoyed a full programme of coaching and competition. The regular coaching staff was this year augmented by the addition of Mr. Ian Laver, whose bi-weekly visits from Vancouver proved to be of great value to all of those fortunate enough to be taught by him (including the Headmaster). Early in the term, a tennis ladder was set up to provide competition for boys at all levels of ability. This was followed by the school tournament, the winners of which are listed below. I would like to thank Mr. Davies for his assistance, the tennis team for its outstanding effort, and all those in the tennis group for co-operating to make this such a pleasant and successful year.

C.M.R.





SAILING NOTES

This year started with a concentrated move into the repairing and refurbishing area. Boats emerged resplendent in blues and reds and yellows; new sails emerged stiff and crinkly from their bags, and frighteningly expensive bits and pieces were screwed, bolted and glued in place. The Flattie was resurrected, not without some effort. Rumour had it that Jack Mus-sallem was actually living aboard at one time - rumour I would have believed had the boat not still been upside down. Finally all was ready.

Then it snowed, and froze, and rained, and blew, and snowed again. Remember? It seemed we would never get out on the water. Odd afternoons were snatched here and there but lots of time was spent in the classroom.

This period did have its lighter moments as we watched Michael Scott-Harston learning to use tools; Gordon Archer learning to paint floors, walls, ceilings but, unfortunately, no boats belonging to the sailing club; and Doug Bulteel, who had been sent off to burn some

rubbish, leaping around the beach in front of a pack of enthralled Brownies, his left foot well ablaze.

Actually it was Doug's epic voyage which really started off the sailing season. The voyage started one Sunday morning when he and George Leroux took the Flattie out. It was still something of an untried boat and when a squall of wind hit it, the tiller broke off at the rudder post. Doug regained partial control by gripping the rudder post with a pair of pliers, but was only able to sail downwind. Pat Bay, Deep Cove, Satellite Channel all flashed by until Swartz Bay and a large ferry lay dead ahead. I don't know who was in a greater panic, the ferry captain or Doug Bulteel, but after the Flattie had finally run aground it took Doug an hour to crawl on his stomach the one hundred yards to a telephone box, from where he phoned the duty master Mr. Queen.

Mr. Queen was not impressed. Nor, I understand, was the ferry captain. To be rammed by a Russian freighter is one thing, but to nearly lose your ship to Doug Bulteel . . .

House racing then followed which developed into a hard fought contest between Priv-

ett and Whittall with David Scott and Bill Roby staying barely ahead of John Denny and Vincent Kwan. Privett finally won this contest.

In the Rogers Cup our hopes were high when John Denny walked away with the first race after an impressive port tack start. However, Shawnigan's use of a decoy boat in the second race led our next two skippers some considerable distance in the wrong direction, an error they did not really rectify until too late.

In the Independent Schools Cup held in gale force winds in Victoria we finished second out of five schools competing, a big improvement on our last place position of 1970. What was perhaps just as impressive was that we were the only school whose boats did not suffer a capsize that afternoon and whose crews completed every race.

The season was brought to a fitting climax by a two day regatta held by the Cowichan Bay Sailing Association in connection with the B.C. Festival of Sports. On Friday, June 4th David

Scott, Mark Recalma, Bill Roby, John Denny and I towed, cajoled, thrust, and manhandled seven reluctant boats through wind and whitecaps to Cowichan Bay. It all became worth it on Saturday when the racing began. A full day's racing was followed by a magnificent party at the house of Mr. and Mrs. J. McClure. Club members were kind enough to let all thirteen boys sleep aboard their various boats, so we were able to stay for Sunday's racing. At the end of the day it emerged that the number two boat for the whole weekend was Bill Roby's new Lightning. Since then he has never let me forget that I came only third.

Leaving us this year will be Ross Morrison and our captain, David Scott. We wish them the very best of luck. I am indebted, as they are all members of the club, to David, whose unselfish devotion, hard work, and good seamanship has earned our admiration. Thank you David, and good sailing!

R.V.L.



SWIMMING

Another most successful programme of swimming instruction under the capable direction of Mr. and Mrs. Pitt was held again this year.

Of the thirty nine students enrolled, two achieved the Royal Life Saving Society Award of Merit, three the Bronze Cross and eleven the Bronze Medallion. In the Red Cross group, fourteen achieved their Senior Red Cross, four the Intermediate and four the Junior.

The only competitive swimming which took place during the season was the Independent Schools Championship held this year at St. George's. Much preparation had taken place for this event and, as a result, the Senior team won the Mark Robson Trophy, with St. George's runners-up, University School third and Shawnigan 4th.

All in all it has been a most successful year.

C.D.Y.

ICE HOCKEY

In this year of athletic setback, Brentwood College hockey team shone like a bright star from a sea of mud. We not only managed to win the Independent School Championships, but we did so scoring an average of seven goals per game. Our record was 1-0.

Our story began when the University School organised a tournament. For strategic reasons they saved their strongest opposition to the last, and so, while a mass of Brentwood players were drilled mercilessly by Messrs. Ross and Evans, University School defeated St. George's 12-2 and Shawnigan 10-0. But while they were resting on their laurels, the Brentwood team was working - first at Lake Cowichan Arena, then at Fuller Lake Arena, then . . . the big day arrived.

After having ripped off a day's classes a jovial team drove to Victoria and the Racquet Club Arena, dressed in the white and green of Royal Roads, protected by borrowed equipment and using Crookston hockey sticks. Led

by that renegade from the Montreal Canadiens, Wade Davis, who was ably assisted by Tyler Smith, Gary Bremner and John Graves, they looked awesome. The opening face-off took place and in a moment or two it was 5-0 for Brentwood, goals being scored by several Graves, Smith, Pirquet and Davis. The question now was could Greg Hood, the goalkeeper, hold on for a shut-out? The answer was soon to come for a few moments later, 5-4. Another goal by Davis, 6-4, then another 7-4, then two more for University School. Minutes still remained and Dietrich was magnificently solid on defence and then the final whistle blew.

They challenged us to another game. We accepted and challenged to yet another but, when it came down to settling a date they mumbled something about track and field and disappeared.

A dynasty has unquestionably begun. At the moment we are negotiating with Medicare and believe that we shall provide the Island's answer to the Vancouver Canucks whose record in comparison to ours was a dismal one.

W.D.



BRENTWOOD COLLEGE BADMINTON CLUB 1970-71 TEAM

D. Wilkinson (Captain); G. Vink, D. Scott,
K. Ma, T. Hunt, D. Trottier.

RESERVES

B. Sung, B. Cohen, I. Johnson.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS

Fall Term: —Brentwood v. Mount Newton (18-18)

—Brentwood v. Mount Newton (17-3).

—Coaching Clinic in Victoria with Abdul Shaikh and Rolf Patterson.

—Mid-Island Open Senior Tournament at Lake Cowichan.

Vink and Wilkinson won 'B' doubles and Vink won 'C' singles.

—Saanich Open Junior Tournament at Brentwood Bay.

—Richmond Open Junior Tournament at Brentwood Bay.

—Richmond Invitational Tournament at Richmond.

—Brentwood v. St. George's (2-18).

Spring Term:

—Vancouver Lawn Tennis and Badminton Club Open Tournament.

—Coaching Clinic at Brentwood with Wayne McDonnell and Ed Patterson.

—Brentwood v. St. George's (31-17).

—Vancouver Island Championships.

Vink and Wilkinson winners Boys under 17 doubles.

Independent Schools Tournament - Brentwood 1st, St. Georges 2nd, Shawnigan 3rd.

B.C. Championships at Prince George.

Wilkinson semi-finalist in singles and mixed doubles.

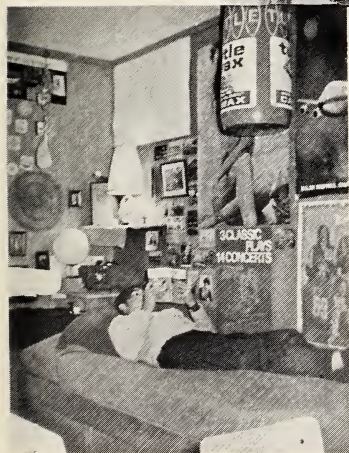
- Inter-House School Tournament.
Winners - Privett House - senior;
Whitall House - Junior.
- School Championships.
Wilkinson winner of Oppenheimer Trophy for Senior Singles.
Vink winner of Orr Trophy for Junior Singles.

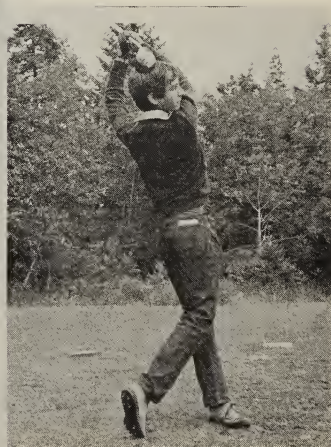
In this our fourth season of badminton, the increasing number of our successes in inter-school and in provincial tournaments has been the result both of the determination to win and of the improvement in the players' skills and stamina. At no time previously in our short career as a club have we had a team with such ability in depth. This year we did not need to rely solely on the excellence of a few players,

although their contribution was considerable, as indicated in the summary of events. We were fortunate to have senior players, whose enthusiasm for the game and whose standard of play have been responsible for the increase in respect shown to badminton in the school.

Our best wishes go to David Scott and Benny Sung, who are leaving us this year, and in particular to David Wilkinson, our fine team captain, and Graham Vink, his playing partner and friendly (?) rival. These two boys have set an example and been a source of inspiration to our younger players, who, doubtless, in their turn, will show no less enthusiasm and willingness to improve on past successes.

R.O.





FINE ARTS

THE FIRST INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS MUSIC FESTIVAL

The first Independent Schools Music Festival ever held took place at Brentwood on Friday, February 26th.

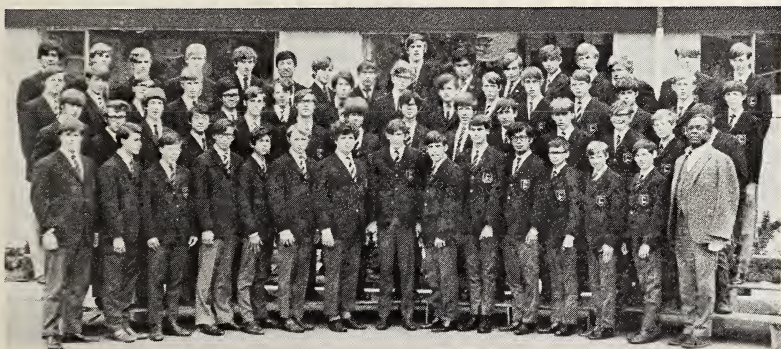
Choral entries were received from Athlone, Cliffside, Glenlyon, Norfolk House, Queen Margaret's, Strathcona Lodge, York House and Brentwood, while instrumental groups represented Crofton House and Brentwood.

The adjudicator, Dr. George C. Corwin of the Faculty of Music of the University of Victoria, commented most favourably on the general standard of performance and, for the honor performance that evening, selected the senior girls from St. Margaret's, the junior boys

from Glenlyon, the mixed choir from Brentwood and Queen Margaret's, and the orchestra from Crofton House. Most regrettably, because of a sudden deterioration in the weather, those nominated could not in fact stay for the evening performance, having to face instead the heavy snow and gales of a most unlikely British Columbia February on their homeward way.

Notwithstanding the necessity of their early departures, the affair was a huge success, and will be repeated as an annual event. There is no doubt that music programmes throughout all the Independent Schools in British Columbia will benefit as a result.

D.D.M.



ANNUAL CONCERT

The Second Annual Music Concert took place on the evening of Saturday, February 27th with a large number of parents and friends in attendance.

The Band started its programme with the main theme from "Exodus" and followed it with a rock number, "Georgie Girl." The "Overture to the Impressario," which was their Festival entry piece, followed, and was extremely well received. It is a fact that the clarinets still do tend to blow a little out of tune, while the trumpets are guilty of "blasting," but the overall impression is nevertheless quite favourable. The other numbers in the programme were all capably undertaken and, at a brief intermission, the consensus seemed to be that the Band made great strides since it started four years ago.

A change of pace then took place as the Grade 8's, directed by Mr. Prowse, presented "Under Brentwood." Though this was a parody of life at the school, the references could be understood by the whole audience. The whole thing was beautifully done. The timing of the lines was perfect, the applause at the end thun-

derous and deservedly so. "The German Band," also presented by the Grade 8's, followed. This was a new presentation of an old theme, a rather slapstick affair which was highly entertaining nevertheless.

The last section of the programme was choral. First came the Brentwood Choir, then the girls from Queen Margaret's, then Brentwood again, and then a combination of both. All the singing was beautiful and showed the genius of the Director, Mr. Johnson, but particular mention must be made of the Queen Margaret's Choir. During a subsequent Festival they were described as "remarkable" by the adjudicator, and this is what they were on the evening of the Concert as well.

The combined Choir was at its magnificent best. The Chorale from "Finlandia" was received by the audience with great enthusiasm, then, for an encore, followed what has now become an old favourite, "Roll, Jordan, Roll." When the applause finally died away the audience reluctantly got up to go feeling that they had experienced an evening of huge enjoyment.

D.D.M.

Art, formally introduced into the programme last year, is now well established at Brentwood, and has become an activity popular with many boys. Almost 100 have attended regular classes.

The importance of drawing and the basic principles of composition and design have been emphasized while opportunities for self expression through various mediums have been offered. The Department this year has been able to offer courses in pottery and ceramics, print-making and sculpture, drawing and painting, and as the year progressed boys explored many mediums and materials within this framework, exhibiting much hard work, self-discipline and imagination.

At any one time in the Art Room, boys could be found doing a great variety of work.

A visitor could find a number of boys screen-printing, a boy working on a sculpture, one working at the building up of a mosaic, some on the pottery wheels or making pots by hand. He might have to avoid dye dripping from the washing-line from a piece of batik work, or he might trip over a boy posing for another to draw, or perhaps find a group of boys involving themselves in the difficulties and pleasures of composition in painting.

In all this feverish activity a great deal of good and interesting work has been accomplished. I hope that, through assistance, direction and personal instruction, all who have participated have found a greater depth of understanding of themselves through practise and participation in the Visual Arts.

H.M.R.S.



DEBATING - 1970-71

It is always unusual to find an activity that produces consistently good results without some type of formal organization. At Brentwood we are lucky in that our debating team, as such, is composed of people who debate purely for pleasure, and as an extra curricular activity. This is the second year that we have

had much interest in the subject, and the results have been very gratifying - it is fairly safe to say that this school has the highest calibre of debating in British Columbia, and has proved itself on several occasions.

Most of the debating at this school is initiated in Grade X, where there are classroom debates in English sessions. This serves as an introduction to the art of speaking in public,

and stimulates a strong interest from many people. In Grades XI and XII all debating is done as an outside activity.

This year our group has competed in three debating tournaments: The Newman Cup Debate, which is open to all junior and senior independent schools in British Columbia, the Hammarskjold Cup Debate, which is open to all high schools, both public and private, in British Columbia, and the National Student Championship, in Port Hope, Ontario, which is open to the provincial finalists. We have been fortunate enough to do well in all of these.

The Newman Cup Debate was held early in February, at Crofton House Girl's School in Vancouver. Speaking at the senior level, on the topic: "Resolved: That Canada should claim jurisdiction over coastal waters extending to the edge of its continental shelf," were Peter Farran, Jim Russell, John Schinbein and Embert Van Tilburg. The junior topic was: "Resolved that the overall effect of television on children was harmful". Representing the school here were, Richard Loranger, Robert Hugo, Geoffrey Butler and Charles McDiarmid. In both these debates we did well, making the finals in both rounds, or in other words placing second in a very large field. By far the most improvement over last year was made in the junior level, where Geoffrey Butler won the trophy for the best speaker.

The next debate we attended was the Hammarskjold Cup Debate, sponsored by the United Nations Association in Vancouver, and named after one of the first Secretary-Generals of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjold. Speaking for the seniors, on the topic: "Resolved that overdevelopment is a greater threat to humanity than underdevelopment" were: Wade Davis, Graham Vink, Peter Farran, Paul Rothery, Embert Van Tilburg and Jim Russell. The junior debate carried the motion: "Resolved that the invocation of the War Measures Act was fully justified". Speaking on that topic were: Geoffrey Butler, Robert Hugo, Bill Black, Jon Stroum, Griff Lewis, John Tocher, Richard Loranger and Charles McDiarmid.

The results of the senior level debators was very good - Wade Davis and Graham Vink won the Hammarskjold Cup, for best debating team in the province, and Graham Vink won the award for best individual debater. Our negative senior team ran a very close race, finishing second overall on that side. The combined totals of the Brentwood Senior Teams were

higher than any other school in British Columbia.

The junior teams also did very well. The Brentwood affirmative teams were rated first and second on their side, and the team of Bill Black and Jon Stroum rated second in the province. John Stroum also won the trophy for the second-best speaker in B.C.

After these results, it came as no surprise to discover that Brentwood was offered two places in the national finals at Port Hope, Ontario. Wade Davis and Graham Vink, as winners of the Hammarskjold Cup, had first priority, and thus won a free 5-day trip back East. The topic for the final was "Resolved, that greater authoritarianism in government is in the best interests of the people of Canada." The trip also included numerous seminars, visits, social gatherings, and of course a trip to the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. Again, Brentwood did well in the debates. Graham Vink, and his partner, Susan Eisler of Winnipeg, won the award for best opposition team and best overall team at the tournament. Graham Vink spoke in the final debate of six people, and received an honorable mention. Wade Davis also received an award for the best non-finalist debater from British Columbia. All in all, a very successful representation of the school.

Earlier in the year, Brentwood also staged two "Demonstration" debates in Vancouver and Victoria, to give an example of Parliamentary style debate to schools from around B.C. This proved beneficial to us, and, we hope, to the schools who watched us.

For all of us who have participated in debating this year, the experience has been a very rich one. Debating is an exciting, verbal, duel with an opponent - matching wits and skill in competition. At the same time, it is not simply an intellectual exercise of no practical use; the topics debated are always relevant to society, to humanity, to youth, and to the country in general. It is a tremendous way to give young people awareness of the problems of society and the nation, and certainly breeds a great deal of interest in government itself. I should like at this stage to thank Mr. Bunch for all the work he has done on the debating, the English teachers at Brentwood who supported debating, and Mr. Lironi who helped us prepare for the national finals. This has been a very successful and enjoyable year for debating, and we hope this is only the beginning for a great future -

Graham Vink

DRAMA CLUB

At the commencement of the Fall Term some fifty students from all grade levels enrolled in the Drama Section of the Fine Arts Programme. In the first half of the year regular one-hour sessions were held twice per week in Creative Drama. This programme, a relatively infant one in British Columbia, but now receiving strong support from the Association of British Columbia Drama Educators, sets out to stimulate the student's imagination to the point where from improvisation he will, both alone and in group, begin to create structured dramatic scenes. Our programme was most successful, particularly with the Junior Secondary students. In February, 1971, a selected group of the Senior Class was honored by being asked to give a "Workshop Demonstration" to the AB CDE Conference at the Empress Hotel in Victoria. A dozen of our experienced students received on this occasion a very enthusiastic reception from a large teacher audience.

After Easter Mr. David Lander, a graduate Theatre student at the University of Victoria, joined the group to direct a production of John Arden's one-act play *ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS*.

CAST

In order of appearance:

Governors	Wade Davis, Jamie Watt, Bill Hayes
Headmaster	Ted Dunfee
Art Master	Paul Rothery

BELLRINGING

Sport, pastime or hobby? Mathematical or musical? Bellringing (campanology) is practised widely in Britain and there are many school and university societies. In North America the art is restricted mainly to handbells but there are a few schools in the U.S. that have societies and recently a new peal of bells was installed in Washington Cathedral. Now Canada has its first school society.

In the sense that it requires a very high degree of teamwork, bellringing could be classed as a sport. It is primarily mathematical but lack of musical sense and rhythm would render the aspiring ringer at considerable disadvantage.

Bells are normally hung in a tower in such a way that they are free to swing until the clapper strikes the bell. This is called tolling. When it is attached to a wheel and is capable of being swung through a full circle, it is possible to exercise (with much practice) a degree of control which will enable the ringer to make his bell sound at any time he pleases. The art of campanology involves ringing the bells in different orders (or changes) according to set

Schoolboys	Ian Eakins, Bruce Halliday, Donald Odell, Mike Scott-Harston, David Stephen, Embert Van Tilburg, Graham Young
Art Master's Wife	Carole Stoye
Officer	Geoff Butler
I-Cpl	George Morrison
1st Soldier	Geoff Norton
2nd Soldier	Charlie McDiarmid
Stage Manager	John Mott
Technical Director	Russell Barton
Sound Technician	Larry Sughrue
Masks Designed by	Mrs. Helen Smith

This experimental play, produced at College on the evenings of June 3rd and 4th drew quite sizeable audiences of both adults and students. Report has it that though no one was bored, many were confused and some few downright frustrated.

The script is a highly fragmented one, which, because of its frank use of several theatrical playing styles, makes great demands upon actors. Its tone, strongly reminiscent of the better moments in the recent British film "IF," is a most elusive one to capture, ranging as it does from high Chaplinesque comedy to moments of bitter and somewhat ghoulish Brechtian irony. The simplicity of staging and the grotesquely comic masks made by the Art Department made no small contribution to the success of the performance.

Mr. Lander, his cast and crew are to be commended upon a most courageous attempt with a very difficult dramatic form.

T.G.B.

mathematical rules. Three bells could be rung in only six different orders but eight bells (as we have in Victoria) could be rung in over 40,000 different orders. The mathematical rules give rise to different interpretations (methods) some of them dating back to the 17th century and giving rise to such colourful names as Grandsire, Kent Treble Bob, Cambridge Surprise and Reverse Canterbury Pleasure Bob.

Last September, seven Grade 8 boys volunteered to start a bellringing society at Brentwood. They soon found that handling a bell was not, by any means, as easy as it looked. Once set in motion, the bell, which starts in the upside-down position and balanced very finely, can only be guided and any attempt to stop it can end only in disaster and a very fast ride to the roof of the ringing chamber. Bells for change-ringing may weigh anything up to 8,000 lbs. and a high degree of skill and physical co-ordination is required from the ringer. So far the boys have reached the stage where they can handle the lighter bells fairly efficiently and they have begun to ring them to simple changes involving three or four bells.

At the end of the term the boys were invited to join the cathedral ringers on a visit to

the Benedictine monastery at Mission where there is a ring of ten bells. This was their first attempt to ring in different surroundings and on far lighter bells but the results were very creditable. A tour of the monastery proved most enlightening and although the rejection of the material world was a difficult thing for the boys to accept or understand at least they saw, amply demonstrated, that happiness is not necessarily a function of material possessions.

The term ended with the first Brentwood College Bellringers' Annual Dinner, held with considerable gusto, in Victoria.

What do the boys say about it after a year?

"I think that bellringing requires courage and concentration" (Greg Stewart).

"Bellringing is a lot of fun even though we have had some troubles" (Ramsey Milne).

"Ringing bells is a lot more complicated than I thought (Tim Willings).

"Bellringing is fun and educational" (Jeff Norton).

"The thing I enjoy most is going up into the bell frame and watching the tenor bell being rocked off the balance" (Geoff Maggs).

"Bellringing is not a toil, but a privilege" (Mayland McKimm).

"At first I found bellringing very difficult but when I had learned how to handle the bell I began to enjoy it very much" (Mike Bestwick).

J.L.Q.

COMPUTER SCIENCE GROUP

For the second year in a row computer programming techniques were offered as elective courses in the school. The subject was offered at Grades IX and X for two periods per week. The University of Victoria Computing Centre again allowed the group full use of its facilities at a most reasonable rate. The language instruction is FORTRAN using the WATFIV compiler developed at the University of Waterloo.

Within two weeks programs were flowing through the high speed terminal at a great rate. Very early in the course the necessity for accuracy became apparent, consequently the error rate has fallen off gradually for most students.

During the second term two visits were made to the University to see the machine itself - an IBM 360 model 44 - and at that time the fantastic speed, power and accuracy of this equipment was brought home most forcibly. Since that time numerous small parties have visited 'H hunt,' as the high speed terminal is

known, to punch programs and run them personally. This has proved an excellent learning situation.

Next year there is a possibility that the subject will be offered at 9, 10 and 11 levels, including a course carrying elective credits at the Grade XI level. Also it is hoped to rent a key-punch machine for use within the school which would greatly speed up job processing.

Mr. Brackenbury and myself have been very pleased and in some cases most impressed by the enthusiasm and competence the classes have shown in coping with what is at present an undergraduate course. For all participants we feel the exposure to have been a valuable learning experience, giving an insight into an aspect of the modern world. We also feel that there are students in both grades capable of making a profession of computing should they see fit to continue their study of it. All in all a most satisfying year and we look forward to the expanded instruction within the school in the future.

W.J.B., H.B.

SCIENCE CLUB NOTES

This year the Science Club has been organized in a somewhat different and more interesting manner from years past. Previously students had attempted to build projects with varying degrees of success and quite often, little of value had been achieved. As a result it was decided that a new club would be formed in which Grade 12 students would present short talks on scientific subjects of their choice at regularly scheduled evening sessions, and be prepared to answer questions afterwards. The topics chosen ranged from gasoline engines to the more esoteric field of quasars but most of the lectures (as we chose to call them) were

on a level somewhere between. Much was gained, not only in the furthering of scientific knowledge but also in the practice of public speaking. The topics covered during the year were:

Colloids	Steven Bramall
Hydrodynamics	Boyd McConnell
Nerves	Peter Farran
Cryogenics	Brian Hawksworth
Genetics	Benjamin Koo
Fermi's Career	Greg Hood
Hydrodynamics	Eric Paul
Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species	Wade Davis
Turbojet Engines	Jim Rea
Crystallography	Jim Roberts
Viruses	John Schinbein

Gasoline Engines Mark Roseborough
 Quasars George Benmore

The group was also privileged to entertain several noteworthy scientists, teachers and travellers each of whom spoke on his own particular specialty. Noteworthy were the competence of their delivery and the scope of their research. The first of these was Professor Jeremy Tatum from the University of Victoria who spoke on astrophysical techniques and astounded us all by the amount of information he was able to extract from a little ray of starlight. Another very interesting speaker was Dr. Bricknell, Head of the Science Dept. at Royal Roads. He spoke about radioactivity and demonstrated the use of radio-isotopes and counters. Mr. Duffield, a consultant environmental engineer, gave a stimulating talk on environmental control and pollution. He was able to explain why the Fraser River valley always looks and smells so dirty and the whole subject of pollution is one which some of would be interested in taking further. Later in the year another astronomer, Dr. Bratten from the Saanich Observa-

tory spoke about tides and eclipses and we all found this subject very interesting. Royal Roads provided us with another chemist, Dr. Barr, whose lecture on molecular bonding proved invaluable to the chemistry student. Dr. Ehle from the University of Victoria talked about computers and showed us that the computer is only as efficient as its operator. Finally Professor Johnson, formerly of the University of Alberta, spoke about his travels and showed slides to illustrate his talk on 'The Rice Revolution in Monsoon Asia'. This was a very interesting account of his travels and experience and raised a number of questions concerning the future of the region.

At this stage we thanked Mr. Carr and Mr. Queen for their help in organization and the Committee (known as an ominous signature at the end of any announcement but actually composed of Greg Hood, Bill Hayes and David Wilkinson) for helping to find speakers, organizing dates and last but not least, for setting up the chairs every Thursday evening.

Graham Vink

CAREERS NIGHT

On May 27 we were delighted to have twelve guest speakers with us for our eighth annual Careers Evening. The format was similar to that used in previous years: speakers prepared a fifteen to twenty minute address, followed by an open discussion period for each of the two presentations they were asked to offer.

It was clear from the comments made during the concluding social hour, that, despite the rather bleak economic character of the times, the speakers managed to spread an air of optimism about employment opportunities, especially amongst those students with an interest in establishing clearly defined occupational goals. Contrary to a belief that seems to have some following within certain groups of our society, it was also emphasized that the business and professional world still require highly trained, diligent people with extensive but relevant academic backgrounds.

I would like to thank Mr. Bunch, the large number of students who assisted with the organization, and of course, the gentlemen who were kind enough to offer their services for

what was considered a highly enjoyable and profitable evening. The names of these men and the areas represented are noted below.

Mr. E. J. Donald, Canada Manpower Centre, Duncan. (Employment Counsellor).

Mr. R. Pollard, 620 View St., Victoria. (Stockbroking).

Dr. W. H. Clark, 186 Kenneth St., Duncan. (Medicine).

Mr. E. Boe, Crown Zellerbach, Ladysmith. (Forest Industry).

Mr. J. Cosh, 645 Fort St., Victoria. (Accountant).

Mr. M. Sharp, 262 Station St., Duncan. (Architect).

Dr. D. Reed, 6470 Somenos Road, Duncan. (Veterinary).

Dr. I. Mugeridge, Simon Fraser University. (University Choice).

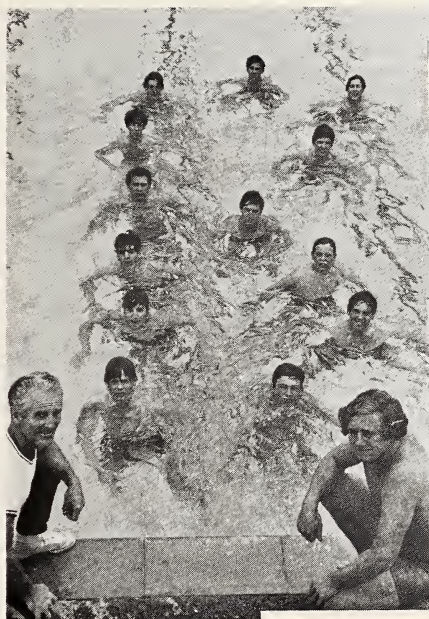
Mr. P. Williamson, Asst. Manager, Empress Hotel. (Hotel Management).

Mr. G. Greenhalgh, City Planning Dept., Victoria. (Town Planning).

Mr. L. H. Sproule, Nanaimo. (Law).

Dr. D. Philip, 318 Goldstream Ave., Victoria. (Dentist).

W.T.R.



LITERARY

ON THE BEACH

Michael Lax, Grade IX

Rippled dunes and white, barnacled rocks ornament the sandbar, slowly emerging from the retreating tide. Greedily, the sky-ruling seagulls snatch up the small crabs who scurry helplessly toward the white foam of the water's edge. The birds, never faced with hunger, hover in the stiff ocean breeze, focussing their prey before attack. After a brief, but exciting clash of beaks, claws and pincers, the triumphant gull carries its victim away to smash it open on some nearby rocks. The dull, grey sand, now littered by broken shells of oysters and crabs, and decorated with dispersed patches of withering seaweed, stretches out to the distant-rumbling waves like a sheet of thin plastic whose ruffled edges throw into relief the white, foaming surf. As the sun forces another semi-circled journey between the horizons, the new tide finds its way with inquisitive fingers, slowly claiming the vast sandbar that had served so well as a playground and battlefield during the scorching-hot day.

CHIPMUNK

Wm. Roby, Grade X

The cat had him.
The hoarse-voiced
cheep told me it was
more than a muddy blob.

I put it in some Kleenex
and brought it inside

Mom said "It's a
mouse get rid of it."

In near anger I sighed,
"Wait and see".

He was put in a shoebox
and left on the mantle.
We gave him a clock
for comfort.

When I came back
he had cleaned himself.
I noticed his leg was broken.
Giving him some milk I put him to bed.

I scolded the cat.

The next morning when the
sun was on the porch,
the cat came to me with
a larger chipmunk.
She held it by the neck
as though it were a kitten.

It was so flea ridden
that dad took the vacuum.

She had to be his mother.
She had mixed emotions.
She hated captivity but
she loved her child.

The next day we left.
I let them go.
She took off like a shot.
But he wouldn't budge.
I left the cage open.

And next-door neighbour Nels
visited the next day
only to find him waiting.

He stayed with me three
years I'd say, until came the morning
when he was gone.

In the kitchen I saw him
Flat, where dog had rolled
in his sleep.

I put him in a teak
wood box, and sealed it
tight. To bury him
above his mother's
home.

IN THE RUMBLE SEAT

J. Russell, Grade XI

gone are the days when dad was god
and mom was almost that
gone are days when left alone
we'd have a friendly chat

gone is tea in bed when ill
gone are drop races on the window sill
gone are cowboys, indians and pardese
and toy soldiers dying easy

O yes those were the days
I did not realize at a glance
the house I'd entered just by chance,
was the very place where I began
now owned by a strange man.

I cried to see the corner where
my head had dashed against the chair
I wept aloud as I recalled
the times I'd escaped my crib and crawled,

seeking with a child's innocence
the lovely things in life
usually finding items like
glass or a razor knife.

I cried because I yearned
anew
to start afresh as morning
dew
perhaps it's what we all want to
do
wouldn't
you?

when did you part with your teddy bear?
when its eyes came out?
when it lost its hair?
or did you love it more, conversely,
for its used appearance, firstly,
and because it didn't shout
as the stuffing came out.
When, then, did you give it up?
at a certain age?
did life turn a page?
or when life presented its cold, hard facts,
was that when faithful teddy got the axe?
Who among us would recross that line,
and say tongue-in-cheek, "I've still got mine".

LOVE, AND THE THINKING OF RONALD T. SCHWARTZ

By Andy Raphael, Grade XI.
With apologies to Philip Roth.
"Patricia Eleanor Smith, will you
spend the rest of your life with me as
my wife?"

Looking in the mirror, I was amazed at
how calm I looked. Yes, it was almost perfect,
except for my eyes constantly shifting, my
hands uncontrollably shaking, and the slight
quiver in my voice. Yet it was my best attempt,
out of the hundreds I had tried. Of course look-
ing into the reflection of Ronald T. Schwartz,
two hundred fifty pounds and all in the bath-
room mirror, and gazing into the soft blue eyes
of Pat Smith, the one and only love in my nine-
teen year old heart, was to say the least two
opposite things.

Like every afternoon for the past two
weeks, it was now time for me to take myself
into the den, close the door, sit down in the
old brown leather chair my parents had sent
over from the "Old Country", (where the "Old
Country" is still a mystery to me . . . I think
it is somewhere in Eastern Europe), and have
a heated argument with my conscience, (swear-
ing not allowed), why or why not I should mar-
ry Pat Smith. Of course if you had met my par-
ents, (both Orthodox Jews from the famous
"Old Country"), it would go without saying
they would absolutely forbid it, and if neces-
sary disown me. Then, they would "sit shiva",
(mourn), for their dead son, even though I
was still alive. I could be one of the few people
in history ever to mourn his own death.

Keeping all this in mind I started off the
discussion, that always ends up as an argument
with my own self. Inevitably after an hour of
my worthy oppositions, "gems of wisdom",
such as:

"You can't marry a gay, (non Jew),
think of your obligation to the Jewish
race!"

Or,

"You're only nineteen; you have only
known her for two weeks, why don't
you wait 'til you're a real "mench",
(man), then take out girls who would
make good Jewish wives, like Sharon
Greenbalm or Hilda Cohen or Fanny
Levine or . . ."

It is now time for me to answer the char-
ges. Taking a quick look over to the door to
make sure the whole world isn't staring at me
in utter amazement, wondering if I am sane or
not, I defend myself with such arguments as:

"So what if I've known Pat for only
two weeks, we are not in the stone
age ya know! I know Pat loves me for
sure because she kissed me yesterday
when we went skating, and she said
I'm just like a brother to her, and she
is always talking about how she ad-
mires her own brother. I even think
she was hinting that she would con-
vert if we got married.

I remember her words exactly: "Being
a minister's daughter, I have been
brought up to love and respect my
brethren no matter race or even col-
our;" Even if she wouldn't convert,
so what? Will the whole Jewish Race
crumble just because Ronald T.
Schwartz marries a "shiska", (gentile
woman)?"

As my opposition starts to tear apart my
defense, I decide that I have had enough for
the day. I therefore fetch a box of candies, left
over from the Passover, (kosher of course),
and plop myself down in the family "rumpus
couch" which is directly in front of our TV
set, (that has been the cause of many a "shlep-
esh", (lazy) afternoon. I start off trying to
explore the four channels we receive in our
area. First I manage to get channel twelve . . .

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen,
welcome to the Myron Cohen Good
Time 'Hour, and heerees Myron.'
"Vel, vel, vel, chelo, chelo, chelo! Oy,
do I have a joke for you. I was listen-
ing to the radio yesterday evening
ven this announcer comes on and says,
good evening ladies and gentlemen,
you are listening to the Voice of Is-
rael 1040 on your dial, but for you
1038 . . . ha, ha, ha.

My guests tonight are: Zero Mostel
doing his theme song from "Fiddler
on the Roof", Bernie Levine, author of
"Kosher Cooking Can Be Fun", and
Canter Mordechi explaining his "Do-
it-yourself Barmitzvah kit". So stay
with us won't ya . . ."

"Click, click, click"

"Remember folks you don't have to be

Jewish to love Levies Rye Bread, but it helps. Now back to Sammy." "Oh we are back! Here's a cute story for you, I was getting on a bus the other day, and the bus driver says, "Niggers to the back of the bus!" So I say to him. "Hey man I'm not a nigger, I'm a Jew!"

So he says, "Get off!" Ha, ha, ha.

"Click, click, click"

"So remember folks, when you are looking for a new or used car, think of Chaiem Chamore, the good Jewish boy who won't cheat a "Gay" and rememb . . ."

"Click, click, click"

"Good evening, this is Roger Mudd, welcome to "Face the Nation", (finally a good W.A.S.P. show), tonight we have the extreme pleasure of talking to the Prime Minister of Israel, Golda Mey . . ."

"Click"

Ahh, I can't win, I just can't win. What ever happened to those adorable W.A.S.P.s like Merv Griffin and Captain Kangaroo? Be Warned America, 'Munro Apple Pie' is being taken over by 'Mama Shmolts and Gafilta Fish'!

Our grandfather clock, a piece that my mother picked up at the Madasah Bazaar last year, gongs six, which means it is time for me to perform the same ritual I have suffered through ever since I can remember at six o'clock every Friday night, when, 'Shwartz's Hardware' stays open till nine. I wander into the kitchen and open the fridge door which has on it a piece of memo paper that reads in my mother's nice scrawl; "Boobala, I'm playing majong at Mimi Adlers'. Father's dinner is here, be careful crossing the streets. There are kosher TV dinners in the freezer, love Mommy." I suppose when I'm fifty she will still call me 'Boobala', and at that age I'll still blush. For all I know 'Boobala' could mean jerk in Yiddish and since she and my father have been cursing all these years.

Grabbing the depressing brown paper bag, which holds two dry corned beef sandwiches with hot mustard, two servings of Gefilta fish and five dried prunes, that my mother makes and refers to as dinner, I start off my journey carefully hiding it under my coat in case I run into a friend and they ask me what's in the bag. As I slowly wander down Thirty-Third St., where my father's store is located, the sudden urge falls upon me, (which looking back I think was an act of God), for one of Pete's super-duper chocolate donuts.

I therefore leave Thirty-Third Street, forgetting about my father and his putrid dinner. I rush down Fifty-Fifth to Petes', and thereafter

indulge in light super-duper specials, as my conscience balls-me-out for eating like a glutton and my stomach moans on for more.

As I gaze out the window, I observe a couple approaching the store, holding hands, laughing and talking, lovingly staring into each other's eyes. Happily imagining that the couple is Pat and I, I devour the last donut, and then as the couple comes closer, I realize that the girl looks amazingly like Pat. Then suddenly, as if in my worst dreams, I realize it is Pat! At this point the opponent in my conscience starts to laugh. Ever hear a part of your inner self laugh? It's the kind of thing that causes a nervous breakdown, and then it starts in with the 'I told you so's'. Gallantly, I attempt to defend myself, trying to explain to my own hysterical brain, to calm down, that the guy she is with is her brother. At this point I hear the tumble of the bells as the shop door opens, and there she is, in all her beauty, with her mysterious escort. Standing up and waving, I catch their attention, and proceed to invite them over to my table, while all the time my inner self is reminding me that there is a crowd. Pat nods sweetly, and the two of them make their way over to me. Now it is time for the fatal introductions. Pat, in her soft clear voice, acts as a 'middle-man' and introduces me as Henry Jones, (the W.A.S.P. name she knew me by), to Tim Smith. "A-ha!" I thought rationally, this guy must be her step-brother. She then unknowingly goes on to destroy all my dreams by explaining how Tim had just gotten back from Vietnam, and that they had been engaged ever since she was nineteen, but now that Tim was back they were going to be married in three days. Though in shock, I mutter my congratulations. Then as if all this isn't enough, this joker, Tim Smith, starts to ramble on about this fellow he knows in the army by the name of Hoshe Shwartz, (my older brother), who I look like; why he even thought we looked enough alike to be brothers! Muttering that I have never heard of him, I mumble that I really must go. As I'm just about to leave I hear Pat calling behind me, saying that she will be seeing me at her wedding.

Deeply depressed I ramble aimlessly towards my father's store, trying to persuade myself that Pat's hair is bleached blonde, and her eyes are really grey, not blue, when all of a sudden I hear a girl's voice calling me by my real name. Why, it is Brenda, Brenda Brechen. I hardly recognize her with her braces off, her nose straightened, and her hair done, why, why, she is beautiful. As if someone has sent me medicine to forget about Pat, we start to talk and then she asks me to the Bane Brith Sadie Hawkins Dance. I accept eagerly while in my brain, I'm announcing that this is the girl I've always been looking for, and this time all is silent in the brain of Ronald T. Schwartz.

COLLECTION OF POEMS

J. Watt, Grade XII

Fantasy Lost

He lost a fantasy yesterday,
Amongst
the Asphalt gutters,
and
Concrete girders, of tomorrow.

It slipped away,
Like a dream lost
In the corridors of time and mind,
And yet, the sense was there.
A macabre jest,
Pouring from exhausts
of
wore out obsolescence
and
the old festooned hotel,
with garish lights
of tired modernity,
crying from its grimy rooftop
For the light and joy
Of something past,
and not remembered.

Yes, He lost a fantasy,
As the wreckers
With crowbars and steel balls
Tore it, brick by brick,
To dust
And rubble.

TWO SHADOWS

I have, two shadows tonight
ONE
long,
thin,
faded,
moonlit.

THE OTHER
strongly defined
by a fluorescent light overhead,
And as I walk
They grow closer, fuse,
And part again
moonlit shadow
of men's past,
wiser but dimmer,
Contrasting that bold brightness
of the newer
They merging,
Then parting
Like generations gone
Yet blending to a whole.

AN AGELESS QUESTION OF WHY

"Be why ye be?"
The question muffled through centuries,
Presents itself
Upon starkey ways,
And long, drawn out, dismal days.

"Be why ye be?"
For pleasure of gods or fantasies?
Drawn for mystic minds,
Or divine tombs,
Encrusted crimson and gold,
Or a theory
Of a chemists thorough, analytical knowledge.

"Be why ye be?"
Rings from age to age,
Like distracted bells
Tolling for death.
That concerning fate,
So twisted, to subserve the mind
To doctrines long and blind,
And still,
Now, with ages decaying
In their graves,
A muted perplexing voice mouthes:

"Be why ye be?"
And the answer remains unheard.

THE DRAMA

Peter Hemsall, Grade XII

Ottis was born on a farm in Camel's Back, Saskatchewan in 1940. During his early years the only place for him in the world was Camel's Back. Then a terrible and gruesome and ugly thing happened to Ottis; he started School. His whole vision of the world was destroyed. He learned that there were other towns, and even towns bigger than Camel's Back, in the world. From Grade Three on, he resolved that each and every night he would pray to God asking him to spare his life until he had a chance to see the world outside his own.

Ottis has only one friend. His name was Stretch-Neck Scott, an Indian from the reserve just outside town. These two would hunt and fish together or go hiking along the railway tracks on which Ottis would someday travel to see the world.

Ottis grew older gradually, going through school in the usual way, not working hard and never having to. At age fourteen he began a job at Mr. Potiphar's General Store. He was in charge of general store sanitation in all departments. Ottis took the job not to improve his monetary position, but rather to expand his worldly knowledge. You see Potiphar's General Store was the nine-to-five "over-seventy" men's meeting place. During business hours stories were told, expanded, fabricated, mutilated and retold. All these stories were absorbed by Ottis like water by a sponge. He heard of the lady in Crow Bar City, who was affectionately known as the Thirty Years Whore. She was said to be able to make any man happy. Ottis didn't really understand this but he vowed that before he died he would. At each story of far away Ottis grew more unsettled; he had heard in some towns buildings were actually twice as high as the General Store, which to Ottis was a

brehtaking thought. Ottis had to travel for: he was destined to rove.

When Ottis began his sixteenth year he and Stretch-Neck decided to pull up roots and head for the big cities. Ottis was excited. He listened twice as hard to the story-tellers during the next while, not even noticing the chewing tobacco he swept away, which he usually saved to practice on. Ottis was preparing very carefully.

On the night of departure Ottis and Stretch-Neck met in front of Mr. Flinders false fronted dress shop. Each had small back-packs of provisions and were both loaded down with overflowing imaginations. The 12:45 Co-op Express was right on time as it passed through Camel's Back. The boys sat silently in the ditch waiting. Together they picked a flat car as the train rumbled past, All that was left to do was to climb aboard the moving train. In a haze of excitement both clambered up the ditch bank and started running. Stretch-Neck leapt up to the ladder and climbed aboard. As he turned around he was shocked to see his companion's hands slip from the ladder and disappear. Ottis fell under the flat car's wheels with little more than the sound of a breath. The Co-op Express rumbled on toward Crow Bar City. Ottis died trying to imagine a building taller than Mr. Potiphar's General Store.

ANDRE AND FRIEND Trilogy

E. J. Dunfee, Grade XII

Youth:

Andre spied me as I was walking up the hill towards the tower at the top. He had a girl on each arm and I sighed as they all came skipping towards me. "Damn him", I muttered as they drew near, even though he was my best friend. I greeted them somewhat sheepishly for I was never at ease when girls were around. Andre patted me heartily on my back and expressed his happiness at meeting me. The girls I now recognized were students at the art school and although Andre and I had both enrolled at the same time he had become good friends with other students whereas I had not. It seemed that Andre had always been making friendships while I had not.

People - girls in particular, really frightened me and I had never yet met a man with whom I could freely converse. Andre, I suppose, had come the closest to this but still, I was never completely secure unless I was alone. I had become during my nineteen years, an introvert's introvert. To put it lightly, conversation was not my forte, and in terms of complete self-degradation, I was a bumbling nincompoop. My strength lay in the talent I possessed in my hands and my mind - and the link between the two. I could paint - I could write, that was the sum total of myself as a person as viewed by other people. I suppose that it was inevitable that I become one or the other because I knew

of no other medium through which I could even attempt to express myself satisfactorily. Andre? He had the world at his feet. He could snap his fingers and the sun would shine; the rain would fall; the birds would sing; and a smile would form on his face. A smile that spread over the world, taking in every nook and cranny the mind could imagine.

We had been friends for fifteen of our mutual nineteen years and up until our high school graduation, I had always thought of him as one of those rare human beings who combine personal excellence with genuine goodness. I was wrong. He was selfish, not the least bit interested in his fellow man, and a showoff. To constantly impress people - anybody - was his ideal, and he was constantly striving to achieve it. He wanted to be appreciated, to be known far and wide for his benign attitude towards fellow men, which of course, was all a front anyway but surprisingly and fortunately for him, no one saw through him - save me. I began to realize that he was a complete fake - an utter artificiality, soon after we left high school. I can't recall exactly how - or why, I arrived at this conclusion after many years of friendship, but once it was settled in my brain I couldn't discard it.

Now, as the four of us walked towards the tower, the girls smiling and talking and laughing, Andre presumably thinking of what he could do to impress us, and me hiding my contempt for Andre, I felt a blue twinge of sadness that he couldn't have turned out the way I had earlier imagined him. Yet as I stared at him now, I realized that he was all I had, and that to terminate our 'friendship' would be disastrous to my well being.

After all - who would I have to write and think about?

MIDDLE AGE:

Yet, I stayed with him and he stayed with me - friends as always. A somewhat strange friendship perhaps, but nevertheless a helpful and productive one. I benefitted from it in that he inspired such incredible bursts of writing energy in me that even if I wrote of nothing else but him my production would be at least satisfactory. His good fortune in having me as his friend was that whenever he had the slightest suspicion that he was not being admired by one and all, ("hostility?" he would say - "no, jealousy!" he would answer) he would look at me and compare me with his greatness and with a sigh of relief his confidence in himself would be restored, sometimes to greater heights than even he had dreamed possible. "Am I really this outstanding" he would say to himself, and then with a chuckle he would add "Some have got it, and some have not."

I had achieved modest success as a writer. I published the occasional review, a handful of short stories and a dozen or so novels, plus the

thousands of pages of scribbling on that inexhaustible of all subjects - Andre. He, of course, had achieved very great success as a career politician. He had been running for - and winning, offices all of his adult life, until it had all led to his present position, that of a Cabinet Minister in the Federal Government. There was even talk of his being considered as one of the prime candidates in the running for the leadership of his party when the present leader stepped down. Needless to say, his party was a powerful force in the land and had, in the last election, secured the largest majority of seats ever won before.

I stayed the trim one-hundred-seventy pounds I had always been and kept in shape by jogging the occasional mile. When one is approaching fifty and has an abundance of spare time, one watches his health. I lived peacefully and for the most part happily with my wife of fifteen years, a small-town girl and ex-waitress whom I had met after I turned thirty. We had mutually agreed to have no children. Andre had married a cheerleader whom I noticed, seemed to also own the world as Andre did. He was by this time, beginning to get thin hair and paunches, his wife had become shapeless and irritable. The occasions when Andre had time (the precious few) to have me at his home, she was always screaming at their kids. The oldest one showed unmistakable signs of becoming another Andre. Destined, I suppose, to turn out the same.

Andre and I went on, as ever, living our lives differently. We saw each other only occasionally for I lived in the low-rent district and he had built a monstrous yet elegant mansion in the middle of town. So, in effect we were separated not by space but by the unlimited reaches of money which I had long ago learned determines most of what goes on in this world.

OLD AGE:

Yes, Andre had retired in a blaze of glory. He had not become the leader of the country for when it seemed that it was within his grasp he had suffered a near-fatal heart attack. He was forced to retire, but not before making a memorable and highly emotional speech expressing his love for the people, their country, and for what they stood for. They took it all in and felt sorry for him and I imagine he did too. I found it hard to believe that he had fooled everyone but me - yet he had done just that. His ex-wife may have sensed the real Andre, perhaps that is why she left him. However, that is not for me to know.

As we were approaching our eighth decade as friends, I could plainly see that the end was near for him. I visited him quite frequently at the rest home where he had been since his third major heart attack, ten years ago. He required constant attention and had lived his years in the home in pain. Ten years is a long time to endure constant pain. I sensed his agony

every time I visited and also I sensed something quite different from a physical point of view. I sensed jealousy. I can well imagine it present in his mind because here was I - eighty years old, comparatively healthy, in a good state of mind, and I had an excellent wife who was always there when I needed her. Yet there lay he - a veritable vegetable. Yes, we had been friends for a long time.

Andre died soon thereafter - broken, disheartened and bitter. I followed him a very short year later - happy, well rested, and most important satisfied.

Whereas at the time of his death he had been robed in darkness, I had been on a sunshine holiday when I met mine.

It was then I realized what this world is all about.

SKIRMISHES

J. Roberts, Grade XII

Introduction:

Skirmishes is a collection of six poems bound together only in contest. Each poem treats a different facet of the topic, so each is a SEPARATE entity, and able to stand on its own. The link binding them into a unit is that they are all concerned in some way with the conflict between Man and Nature, either directly as in **Island Evening**, or more subtle as in **Impression of a Tree**, where Nature works ironically against itself, in distracting Man away from his contemplation of its beauty. The longest poem in this collection, **Hood Island**, standing alone as it was originally written, is pure description. However, when placed in the context of this collection, it too gathers additional meaning.

Naturally, within the scope of so few poems one cannot sum up all of this vast subject. I do not claim to have done this. I simply try to tell what I feel about these small facets, and in doing so, show my opinion of the whole; that it is useless for the branch to struggle against the tree of which it is a part, for in its succeeding it only drags itself down.

ISLAND EVENING

The day has ended,
And the clouds' last light
Stains the sea silver.
A buoy bobs solitary
In the narrow, rock-locked bay;
All the boats have gone.

Now loud in the sudden peace,
Waves hiss in to the worn rock ledges
And seagulls soar, white against white,
Screaming wordless relief;
The island is theirs for the night.

But in the inevitable morning
the boats will come again,

Surging past the tree-straggled point,
Shattering the peace
With the tinkle of broken glass
From church windows.

THE POOL

The green branch slopes down
to the reflecting water
of the pool's center

on the brown rocks of the bottom
clear shadows swirl
from the glistening surface above

and at the far end,
reflections dance
across the smooth rock face.
above the waterfall's cool glinting rush

that slides
around the blackness of wet boulders
on its way to the pool

green rides the ripples
that spread toward me,
(squatting on a rock's muddy moss
by the side of the waterfall),

sliding over their sun-flashing surface
in endless swaying reflection
of the trees around.

I lean back,
so my reflection
will not mar it.

ATLANTIS TODAY

twisting in and out
in and out
of the old stone pillars
sunken at the bottom of the sea
the fish come,
washing
up wide marble stairways,
down long green-lit corridors
with faint shadow patterns
shifting on their walls

to dart around
poised statues of power,
each with a hand raised
to the sky-come-sea
in proud commend,
while seaweed floats
and curls from
its drowned fingers.

IMPRESSIONS OF A TREE

sun filters
down through huge tinkling heart-shaped
leaves
to spin this shadows across my face
half asleep
under a tree of luminous green.

the rough veins of the tree
twist,
black against their glowing children
and faraway patches of cool blue
shine
bright through the shifting green,
that lives and dies
with the wind.
but then the insistent prickle
of grass under my back
itches
its way into my dreams;
the spell of the tree seeps away
and I am stranded on familiar shores.

PRAIRIE OUTPOST

Part I
the dark grass bent
beneath the wind
from over the hill

to the west it bowed
to the only place
where the plain of grass
was not the one sight

as the night greyed
and flowed away
over the horizon,
it left a house
grey like the sky
worn by the wind
bent by the years;

(and many had passed
since there last was life
in its hollow walls).

Part II
morning light
slopes in long dust-dancing bars
over the cracked grey paint
highlighting the prongs of a broken window
sharply glittering against black

the sagging porch
long and silent and empty
surrounded on three sides
by a sea of murmuring grass
looks westward
a beaten blank eye
in the face of the house.

HOOD ISLAND

Part I
I sit cross-legged
upon a jutting edge of rock
overhanging
sharp-sides barnacled boulders
half-drowned in the glistening sea

long green sea-weed trails
from them with the waves,
rippling into new patterns
every moment.

the sun glitters on the water
glinting on each wave-crest
as it mounts the beach.

a fishing boat
glides silently
in through the smooth still water.
a narrow passage
between two islands
open before it,
slowly spreading
its green arms wide.

Part II

the twisted beauty of the juniper tree
leaps at me from the rocky cliff.

alive, it is strange
green fragmented shapes,
that wear thin straggling beards
of greyish moss;

and dead, bent distorted bones
of knotty bleached wood
lodged in the rough stone cliff.

Part III

the sea shimmers blue,
mirroring the soft immensity of the sky;
receding to the horizon,
rough caterpillars of islands
lie and bask in the sleepy sun.

nearer, caressing the wrinkled rocks below me
the sea changes to transparent green
casting shifting sun patterns on sunken rocks;
wet boulders glint,
hollowed with strange holes.

I sit in one of these,
a gigantic bubble in the smooth cliff face,
my spine curved to match its walls;
fine sand has sifted to its floor
with the endless rub of the wind.

Part IV

sitting in this cleft in the rock
I can see one quarter of the horizon.
it is exactly like the other three quarters -
dull sky, dull sea, brad islands.
it is the day's end
and the sun has gone
the rock I sit upon is cold
the sky is being drained of its colour
the sea-wind has faded
from ward to cool to cold;
the waning of the day depresses me.
I shut my notepad and walk away
after the last vestiges of sun have left.

Editor's Note: The above collection of James
Robert's poetry was submitted to The Uni-
versity of Victoria Humanities and Science
Symposium in January, 1971. Its quality
gained recognition as "A Presentational Pap-
er."



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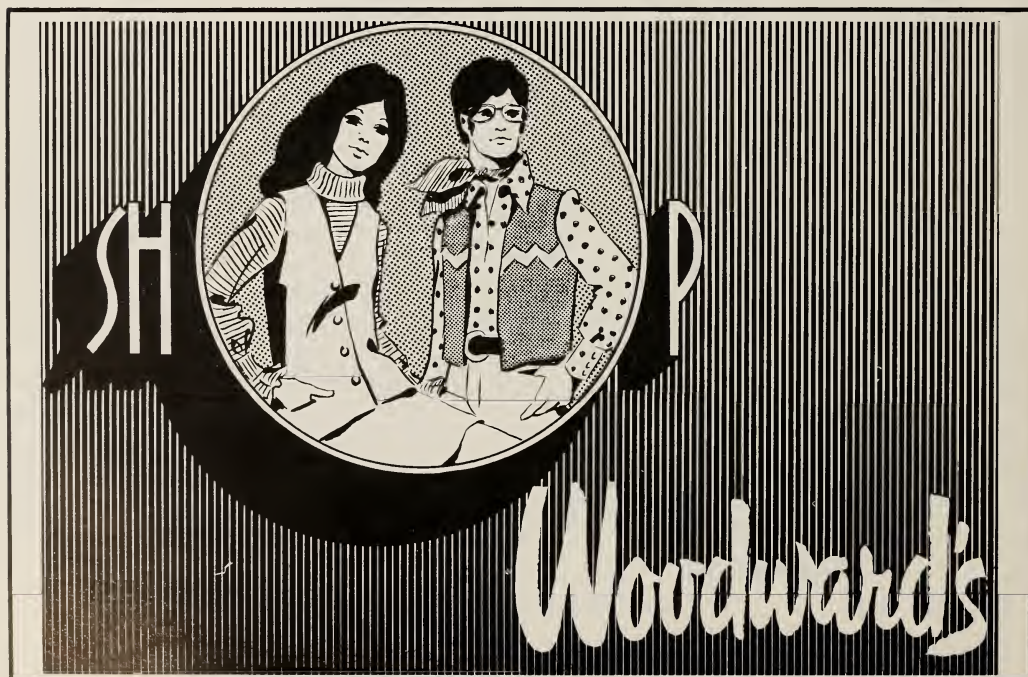
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